THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" " " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
" " " " if not p'd within 6 mos. 2.00
" " " " if not p'd within year.. 2.25

☞To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

☞In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if it stop you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1881. NUMBER 7.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.5
1 " 3 months	3.00
1 " 6 months	3.50
1 " 1 year	5.00
2 " 6 months	6.00
2 " 1 year	10.00
3 " 6 months	8.00
3 " 1 year	12.00
¼ col'n 6 months	14.00
½ " 6 months	20.00
½ " 1 year	35.00
1 " 6 months	40.00
1 " 1 year	75.00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices	2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.00
Stray and similar Notices	1.50

Business Items, first insertion 10c. per line; each subsequent insertion 5c. per line.

☞*Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest, must be paid for as advertisements.*

JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN!
FOR THE READY CASH DOWN!

New Stock of Winter GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE.

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warehouse, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, December, 1880.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO.
Will make, for the next 60 days only, a GRAND OFFER of
PIANOS AND ORGANS.
$850 SQUARE GRAND PIANO FOR $245.

STYLE 3 Magnificent rosewood case elegantly finished. **3 strings, 7 1-3 octaves,** full patent cantante agraffes, our new patent overstrung scale, beautiful carved legs and lyre, heavy serpentine and large fancy moulding, round case, full Iron Frame, French Action, Grand Hammers; in fact every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the instrument has been added.

☞**Our price for this instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars at New Haven, with Stool and Book, only** $245.00

This Piano will be sent on test trial. Please send reference if you do not send money with order. Cash sent with order will be refunded and freight charges paid by us both ways if Piano is not just as represented in this advertisement. Thousands in use. Send for Catalogue. Every instrument fully warranted for five years.

PIANOS $165 to $400 (with Stool, Cover and Book). All strictly **First-class** and sold at **wholesale factory** prices. These Pianos made one of the finest displays at the Centennial Exhibition, and were unanimously recommended for the Highest Honors. The Square contains our New Patent Scale, the greatest improvement in the history of Piano making. The Uprights are the **finest in America.** Positively we make the finest Pianos, of the richest tone and greatest durability. They are recommended by the highest musical authorities in the country. Over 14,000 in use, and **not one dissatisfied purchaser.** All Pianos and Organs sent on 15 days' test trial—*freight free if unsatisfactory.* Don't fail to write us before buying. Positively we offer the best bargains. Catalogue mailed free. Handsome Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of 48 pages mailed for 3c. stamp. Every Piano fully warranted for 5 years.

ORGANS Our "Parlor Jubilee Organ," style 55, is the finest and sweetest toned Reed organ ever offered the musical public. It contains **Five Octaves, Five** sets of Reeds, four of 2¾ Octaves each, and One of Three Octaves. **Thirteen Stops** with **Grand Organ**—Diapason, Dulciana, Viola, Flute, Celeste, Dulcet, Echo, Melodia-Forte, Celestina, Violina, Flute-Forte, Tremolo, Grand-Organ and Grand-Swell, Knee-Stops. Height, 74 in.; Length, 43 in.; Width, 24 in.; Weight, boxed, 360 lbs. The case is of solid walnut, veneered with choice woods, and is of an entirely new and beautiful design, elaborately carved, with raised panels, music closet, lamp stands, fretwork, &c., all elegantly finished. Possesses all the best and latest improvements, with great power, depth, brilliancy and sympathetic quality of tone. Beautiful solo effects and perfect stop action. Regular retail price $286. *Our wholesale net cash price to have it introduced,* with stool and book, only $97—as close organ sold at less than several others. Positively no solicitation is required until you have fully tested the organ in your own home. We send all Organs on *15 days' test trial* and pay freight both ways if instrument is not as represented. *Fully warranted* for 5 years. **Over 25,000 sold, and every Organ has given the fullest satisfaction.** Illustrated circular *mailed free.* **Factory and Warerooms, 57th St. and 10th Ave.**

SHEET MUSIC at one-third prices. Catalogue of 3,000 pieces sent for 3c. stamp. This Catalogue includes most of the popular music of the day and every variety of musical composition, by the best authors. Address,

Mendelssohn Piano Co., P. O. Box 2058, New York City.

John Wanamaker.

DRY GOODS for JANUARY and FEBRUARY

This is the particular season in which to get and prepare House-keeping Dry Goods—Sheetings, Pillow Materials, Linens, Napkins, Towels, etc. It is also the season for Ladies' Underwear. The Grand Depot contains the greatest variety of goods in one establishment in the United States, and exchanges or refunds money for things that do not suit, upon examination at home.

If you cannot visit the city, send to us by postal card for *Housekeeper's Price List,* and *Underwear Price List.*

We fill orders by letter from every State and Territory at same prices charged customers who visit the store, and allow same privilege of return.

The stock includes Dress Goods, Silks, Laces, Fancy Goods, and general outfits.

Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
Largest and Cheapest Stock of
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON
—WILL PAY—
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
—FOR—
OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK,
Hides, Sheep Pelts, Calf Skins, &c.
Dec. 3, 1880.-3m. JOHNSTOWN, PA.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.
Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
☞Office on 14th street, between 10th and 11th avenues. [5-7.-tf.]

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JAMES COLLINS, dec'd.
Letters testamentary to the estate of James Collins, late of Tunnelhill borough, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.
EDWARD ROONEY, Executor.
Tunnelhill, Jan. 28, 1881.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN WISS, deceased.
Letters testamentary to the estate of John Wiss, late of Croyle township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to the estate in question are hereby notified to make speedy payment, and those having claims against the same will present them in legal shape for settlement. JOSEPH A. WISS, Executor.
Croyle Twp., Feb. 11, 1881.-3t.*

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-34.-tf.]

DON'T HURRY TOO FAST TO BE RICH.

Your road through life may be stormy,
Your bed not of roses or down—
Remember what Shakespeare has written
Of those on whose head lies a crown:
It is hard to toil late and early—
To delve or to wearily stitch—
Do your best to improve your condition—
But don't hurry too fast to be rich!

We find in the good book this sentence—
As long as the world 'twill endure—
"He who to be rich"—it says—"hasteneth,
Becometh the suddenly poor."
Just turn to the passage and read it,
When for lucre your fingers shall itch,
And of the camel and eye of the needle—
And don't hurry too fast to be rich!

There are those in palace residing,
Yes, many, I venture to say,
Who'd rejoice and be glad to change places
With you my dear fellow, to-day;
Ah! little we know of the troubles,
The cares and anxieties which
Attend like a shadow, these people—
So don't hurry too fast to be rich!

How exalted and noble the wages
That always reward honest toil,
Be they earned 'neath the fierce sun of noonday,
Or by those who consume midnight oil,—
There lies beneath wealth and contentment
Oftimes an impassable ditch;
Don't fall in it, brother, be careful!—
Don't hurry too fast to be rich!

"BAD" DENT.

Several years before the war there occurred a tragedy in the eastern part of Tennessee, near the present site of Rugby, that aroused the indignation of the entire community. Several days ago the concluding chapter was enacted. In the neighborhood mentioned there lived a young man named Abraham Dent, a man of fine education, usually kind in disposition, but of so violent a nature when aroused that he was known as "Bad" Dent. He was tall and handsome, possessing remarkable physical strength and an activity that had made him a favorite on the school-house playground. He was wealthy, to which influence he owed his escape from imprisonment, for he had killed a man, and was only cleared after the best legal talent had been employed in his defense. He was not addicted to the use of liquor, but would, as his companions termed it, get on a spree of ill-humor. On such occasions he was morose, quarrelsome and dangerous. His freaks were strange and unaccountable. He would help a friend out of an altercation and immediately turn and knock him down. Among his companions was a young man named Louis Guill—a noble fellow. He was as brave as a lion—intelligent, kind-hearted and faithful to every obligation. His father and mother were dead, having willed him a farm, and several "black folks." The friendship between Guill and Dent was a subject of remark, for where Dent was violent Guill was genial; where Dent was "in for a fight" Guill favored an adjustment and a hearty laugh. Yet the two young men were friends. It seemed they had been born friends—their fathers were friends. Their mothers insisted upon having the same kind of coffee; the same kind of cooking; had the same ideas regarding children, and, of course, were friends.

One day at a picnic the two friends engaged in a quarrel:

"You told me you were not going to dance with that girl," exclaimed Dent.

"I know I did, Abe, but I couldn't well get out of it. The boys arranged the set and assigned the partners."

"It wouldn't make any difference to me what the boys did, I wouldn't acknowledge that I had told a d—— lie."

"If a man tell a lie it is better to acknowledge it. I hope I have not offended you."

"But you have. When a man tells me a d—— lie I hold him accountable for it."

"Abe, you are on one of your sprees to-day. Let the matter drop."

"I am not in an ill-humor and you utter a d—— lie when you say so."

"Abe this has gone far enough."

"It shall go just as far as I want it. I meant what I said."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Go away then. Don't call me a liar again. If you do, I'll knock you down."

Several friends rushed up, among them a colored man owned by Guill. He was his master's friend as well as servant, and would have risked his life for the man who could make his life miserable or pleasant, and nobly chose the latter.

"Mars Louis," said the darkey "doan hab no truck wid that man. He doan kere no moah fur blood den he do fur water," and he put his hand gently on his master's arm.

"Get away, Buck," said Guill, "he has insulted me and must pay the penalty."

"Let him alone," coolly remarked Dent, and the next instant he lay full length on the ground. Blood flowed from his mouth and for a time he seemed to be insensible. Recovering suddenly, he drew a barlow knife, and as Guill stooped over to raise him he uttered an oath and plunged his knife-blade into Guill's breast. Such a stampede followed that Dent escaped. Guill lay on the bosom of his faithful slave,

"Buck, I'm dying," he said. "It was a murder. Buck, are you here?"

"Yes, Mars Louis, I's heah."

"If Dent is not hung by law I want you to kill him."

"Yes, Mars Louis."

"But don't take advantage of him. Fight him with a knife. Do you promise?"

"Yes, Mars Louis. I'll follow him ter de end of de earth! I'll—oh, my master is dead!"

The tragedy sent a thrill of horror through everyone. Old men shed tears, when they saw poor Guill lying on the ground, with his hands full of grass, pulled up with the grasp of death.

Guill was buried in a little orchard near the old farm house. Buck delivered the funeral oration. Several ministers offered their services, but the colored man claimed the right, and as no one could doubt the friendship which existed between master and servant, no one disputed the right of the faithful man to conduct the ceremonies. On Sunday afternoon, when the sun-shone bright on the apple blossoms; when the blue-jay flitted and the "sap-sucker" pounded the old black trees, Buck stood at the head of his master's grave. Friends and neighbors gathered around, and children peeped over the red mound into the deep cavity, shuddered, and drew back. For full five minutes Buck stood without uttering a word.

"I doan know how ter preach a funeral, Lord," he said, "but I knows what hit ez ter feel de fullin' ob de heartstrings. Ez a smile can change ter a tremblin' ob de lip, so does sorrow set heaviest on de heart what wuz once filled with joy. My marster had a heart ez big ez de magination ob a chile, and ez de heart is de birthplace ob de soul my marster is on de right hand ob God, close up to de throne. May we all meet death wid as little fear, and may de angels be ez glad to see us all ez I knows dey hez been ter make de heabenly quaintance ob Mars Louis Guill. Amen."

Dent fled to Texas, but was brought back, and by some technicality acquitted. He left Tennessee immediately after the trial and went, no one knew or cared where.

* * * * * * * * *

Several weeks ago a tall man stood on Superior street in Cleveland, His hair was almost as white as the snow at his feet. His face wore a sad expression and his eyes wandered as though tired of every object. An old colored man came walking along. Seeing the white-haired man he stopped, gazed intently for a moment, approached the stranger and said:

"Is your name Mr. Dent?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"Did da uster call yer Bad Dent?"

"Yes; do you know me?"

"I does. My name is Buck Guill. I uster 'long ter Mars Louis Guill. Don't yer recollect me?"

"Why yes, Buck; how is your health?" extending his hand.

"No, sar, yer doesn't touch my han in de grasp of friendship. I was at de picnic, yer recolleck, when yer stabbed Mars Louis. He died in my arms. 'Fore he died he made me promise dat I'd kill yer in a far fight, cassen de law didn't hang yer. Now I 'sposes to fight yer wid barlow knives."

"Did Louis make you promise this?"

"Yes, sah."

"Then you must keep your promise. Whatever Louis Guill said must be done—shall be done. I have never refused to fight any living man. Where shall the encounter take place?"

"In de little orchard near de old farm house."

"When?"

"Jes ez soon ez we ken go dar."

The two men boarded the next train and went to Nashville. Engaging a private conveyance, they went up into East Tennessee and stopped at a roadside inn near the old Guill farm house. It was agreed that there should be one witness to the encounter, and after engaging a man, Dent wrote an explanatory letter and gave it to the innkeeper. It was Sunday afternoon. The three went through the old orchard—orchard only in memory, for nothing but the decaying trunks of the trees remained. Buck led the way. He stopped at the sunken grave. "Dis is Mars Louis' grabe," he said. "Stan' on the udder side. Doan step obber hit."

Dent, without uttering a word, took position as directed. The witness stood a few yards away, and was to count three when all was ready. The two men, old men, drew their knives. "One, two, three."

They grappled in a deadly embrace. A desperate struggle for old men. Dent wrested his right arm from the grasp of Buck, and with a sweeping stroke almost severed the black man's head from his body. Buck still held Dent around the waist, and as he fell backward plunged his knife into the murderer's heart.

When the coroner came, the two men lay across the grave locked in a tight embrace. A strange sight; the pale face of death and the ashened hue of earthly dissolution.

A MAIDEN'S RAID UPON THE TREASURY.—The following story of a determined little woman is told by a correspondent in Washington of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Republican:* "One bright morning last spring the Hon. John Sherman was sitting in his office, when suddenly a bright-haired, pretty girl dashed into his presence. She was apparently 16, and had about her an air of business which even the cold gaze of the Ohio statesman could not transform into maiden fright or flurry. Deliberately taking a seat, the girl said, 'Mr. Sherman, I have come here to get a place.' 'There are none vacant,' was the reply. 'I know you can give me a place if you want to, and I am as much entitled to it as anybody. My father spent his life in the United States army, and when he died he left nothing. The responsibility of the family is on me, and I think, I've got as good a claim as any one else on the government.'—'What kind of place do you want?' 'I don't care what it is, but I must have work at once.' Mr. Sherman assured her that there were ten applicants for every one place, and there was very little chance. She very deliberately told him that such an answer wouldn't do, and declared that if he would allow her she would come up every day and black his shoes if he couldn't do better for her. The Secretary was struck with her determination and charmed by her bright face and her sprightly manner. He told her to come back. In less than a week she had a good place in the treasury, which she still holds. Every morning she walks to the department with the step of a business little woman who is proud that her delicate little hands can be the support of others. She receives $100 a month, and supports in comfort her mother and sister. This brave, bright young woman is May Macauley, formerly of Atlanta. Her father was a lieutenant in the Eighteenth Infantry."

IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND.—Why an endless procession of drinkers from a public dipper will, without exception, drink close to the handle.

Why people will go into society to get bored when they can get bored just as well at home.

Why a woman will make excuses for her bread when she knows it is the best she ever made, and knows her company knows it.

Why a "young gentleman" swears so much louder and more copiously when stranger ladies are within ear-shot; or, in other words,

Why the desire to make a fool of one's self springs eternal in the human breast.

Why we are so much angrier against him who tells us of our error than him who leads us therein.

Why people will get married when courting is so sweet.

Why a man who claims to have found marriage a delusion will again embrace that delusion upon the first convenient opportunity.

Why cold weather comes during the season when it is least agreeable.

Why it is so much easier to be polite to people whom we shall probably never see again than to those whose good opinion we have every reason to cultivate.

Why boys should run after the girls when there is a whole houseful at home.

Why Jane finds Sarah's hateful brother so attractive, and why the hateful brother of Jane finds favor with Sarah.—*Boston Transcript.*

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

WHAT OCCURRED TO A YOUNG MAN WHO STAYED OUT LATE AT NIGHT.

"Lucy," said merry Kate Myrtle, addressing her cousin, Lucy Lawrence, "where do you think Fred has spent his evenings for some time?"

The lady addressed looked up, somewhat surprised at Kate's question, but she answered:

"In his room, poring over those old volumes of ancient history."

"You are much mistaken, Miss Lucy," replied Kate, her eyes sparkling with mischievous humor. "He would not be studying those musty, dusty old books while there is so pretty a young lady as the widow Marston's daughter in the village."

"What has Fred to do with Annie Marston?" inquired Lucy, as she endeavored to rend the puzzling expression that rested upon her cousin's good humored face.

It was some moments before she received an answer to her question, when Kate, with a slight laugh, replied:

"Why, cousin, he is in love with her."

"In love with Annie Marston? I don't believe it," exclaimed Lucy, in a tone of surprise and curiosity.

"Well, I'll tell you something, and then you may believe it or not, just as you please, Lucy," returned Kate, with a serio-comical air. "Night before last, it was rather late when we retired, you recollect, and I was suffering with a severe headache. You were soon asleep, but I was unable to rest from pain, and with the hope that the night air would cool my burning brow, I left the house by the back way, and walked slowly down the garden path.

"By some means I chanced to turn my eyes in the direction of the widow Marston's dwelling. I could plainly see two figures standing upon the steps. One, I was sure, was Annie, and the other, a young gentleman, I was sure I didn't know. They stood there a few moments, when Annie entered the house, and her companion, whom I imagined looked like Fred, walked down the street. As he came nearer, I was sure it was Fred.

"He entered the garden, and as I concealed myself behind the rose bushes he did not see me. He cautiously approached the window from which I had made my egress, stepped in, and then closed it. In a few minutes more I returned to the house. I knew that the person I had seen on the steps with Annie was your brother, and no one else, and I was sure, also, that the old volumes of history had not been disturbed that evening."

"And do you really believe that Fred spends his evenings with Annie Marston?" asked Lucy, as Kate ceased speaking.

"Certainly I do. Last night I watched him as I left the room after tea, and I saw that he slipped out and in a few moments was at the widow Marston's. It was nearly midnight when he returned, for I heard the window opened and shut just before the clock struck that hour."

"What motive can he have in being so secret about his visits?"

"He knows we would be continually teasing him about Annie, and, doubtless, prefers to keep his secret safe from us."

"There can be no other reason," returned Lucy, laughing in spite of herself.

"We must punish Fred for doing so, Lucy," as her cousin seemed to comprehend the affair, "and I think we can prevent him from staying so late with Annie, "wasting fires and lights for nothing," as Uncle Joe would say."

"How do you think we can punish him severely enough to keep him at home?"

"I do not think we can prevent him from visiting Annie, but we can, I think, prevent him from staying later than ten in the evening; indeed, I am quite sure we can."

"How?"

Kate bent her head and whispered for a few moments in the ear of her cousin, and after a few more merry words, they both sprang up and left the room.

That night, just as the clock struck twelve, Fred Lawrence parted with his "lady-love" on the steps of her mother's dwelling, and with a light heart turned his step in the direction of his own home. To tell the truth dear reader, Fred was in love with Annie Marston, and it is no less true that Annie was in love with him. He dreaded the mischievous teasing of his cousin Kate Myrtle, and feared it, too, more than the displeasure of a king; and the cutting sarcasm of his sister was by no means pleasant. He had determined to keep his engagement to Annie unknown to them, if possible, until he felt better prepared to endure their persecution.

It was but a short distance from the widow Marston's to his own home, and he was soon standing at the identical window at which Kate had seen him enter some evenings before. He slowly raised the sash, but ere he had succeeded in getting it to the required height, a difficulty occurred—the sash would not move up another inch, and supposing it had struck something accidentally placed there, he renewed his efforts to raise it. To his surprise and consternation, as he pressed hard upon the sash, down fell a brass kettle, several tin pans, and the shovel and tongs, 'upon the floor, with a ringing crash, loud enough to wake everyone in the house. Fred started back and turned pale.

"How could those things have gotten there?" muttered he, as he listened attentively to ascertain if the noise had aroused any one. The sash was now easily raised, and he sprang into the room, but not without kicking against one of the pans in his haste, and sending it across the floor, making considerable noise. Intent upon reaching his chamber before any one should arise to discover the cause of the uproar, he hastened through the room and quickly opened the door leading to the next one. Unfortunately there chanced to be a couple of large chairs placed near it, and as it was hastily thrown open, they were upset, and being full of tin dishes, spoons, knives, and everything that would make a noise, you may know that there was a crashing.

"The deuce take it!" muttered Fred, as he rushed through the room, upsetting chairs, work-stands, and he knew not what in his flight. At length he reached the stairs leading to the chamber, and was in hopes that his trials were now at an end. He sprang up two or three of the steps, when his head struck against something which had been hung from the ceiling above. Ring-a-ting went the big dinner-bell, and the sound echoed through the house, making more noise than anything yet had done. Fred was desperate. He rushed up the flight of steps, again striking his head harder than before.

He had nearly reached his chamber door, when he suddenly stopped and gazed fully upon an object that stood before him. There, between himself and the door, stood a motionless, silent figure, perfectly realizing that object of rather doubtful existence in our enlightened days, namely, a ghost. The moonlight streamed in upon the floor and plainly revealed the outlines of a white-robed figure to the distracted gaze of Fred Lawrence. He gazed at it for just two minutes, then dashed down the stairs. Again the dinner-bell sounded, and in another moment the almost distracted Fred was leaping over the tables and chairs with the intention of making his exit through the window.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, appearing with a light just as Fred vanished from the room.

"What is the matter?" cried Lucy Lawrence from the top of the stairs.

"What is the matter?" spoke the supposed ghost, throwing off the white robe, and disclosing the face and form of Katie Myrtle.

It is needlesss to say that the girls were at the bottom of the affair. They had determined that Fred should be entirely cured of staying so late at Mrs. Marston's and of coming in at the window. Kate and Lucy laughed immoderatly at their success in frightening Fred; Mrs. Lawrence looked grave, and the servants, who had been roused by the uproar, surprised and astonished. The girls explained all, and their reasons for doing so.

In less than an hour the furniture was replaced, the bell taken down, and silence reigned. But it was two hours more before Fred ventured to enter the house, and then didn't attempt to enter by that window.

The lesson had the desired effect, and Fred afterward returned from Mrs. Marston's before the girls and their mother retired, and entered properly by the door. And about two weeks after there was a wedding at the widow Marston's and Miss Annie Marston became Mrs. Fred Lawrence. Though many years have passed since then, still Fred Lawrence has not yet forgotten this incident of his courting days.

A PENNSYLVANIA BOY.—Nearly forty years ago, in South Huntingdon township, Westmoreland county, says the Pittsburg *Telegraph*, lived John Hinton. He was an orphan boy, rude and uneducated, and had wandered there from the neighborhood of Masontown, Fayette county.

With no known relatives, he was kicked from one family to another till manhood, enlisting then in the war. At its close he helped to escort the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. From Indian Territory he went to New Orleans and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound for the East Indies. At the bay of Madras, on the western shores of the bay of Bengal, he deserted, and enlisted in a Bristish regiment. He served many years, and during the memorable Sepoy rebellion was noted for his daring bravery. At his discharge he was presented with a gold medal by the Governor General himself.

He is next heard of traveling in a caravan from Delhi, westward across the Indus river, through Afghanistan and Persia, to Turkey and back.

In time, from trading, he became immensely wealthy, and was the owner of five caravans containing over 13,000 horses and camels and fifty elephants.

In 1854 he visited Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, for copper, great quantities of which are there mined and smelted. His magnificent retinue attracted the attention of the Ameer, and he was invited to an audience—an honor never before received by a Christian. A present of a hundred of his best horses and a three tusked elephant made the Ameer his eternal friend. Then, yearly, it was followed by similar presents, beside camels and merchandise, John Hinton gained the monopoly of trade from the summit of the Hindoo Kosh Mountains to the confines of Belochistan, and in real power is second only to the Ameer himself. About 1870 he was made Military Commander of the District of Herat, and in 1876 suppressed a local rebellion to the great satisfaction of his sovereign. Trained in the arts of war among the savages of North America, and among the superstitions natives of India, where he became thoroughly familiar with British soldiers and resources, together with his years of service as the idolized commander of the Mohammedan tribes to tens of thousands half-civilized men, he is to-day the ablest soldier in Asia.

ANOTHER KIND OF GOOD BOY.—A Detroit grocer was the other day hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner, and give him a chance at his own noonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand, and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from the door and run, and I run after him, and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother, and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled a little as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile.—His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.

THEY were talking of literature when she remarked: "How I admire Hogg. His tender i's fairly bristle with good points." "I am partial to Bacon," said he, "and I consider Hogg a boar." "Did you ever study the metrical rhythm of Hogg's feet?" she asked. "Yes, but I do not find so much wisdom interlarded as in Bacon's prose." And then they sat down in one chair, and he held her Akenside.

IT isn't necessary to search the rocks for the antediluvian man; he is here, and can be found in the store that don't advertise.—*Lockport Union.*

AN IRISH ROMANCE.

When I arrived at Kilmurray, one of those storms which frequently come from the Atlantic, and in an instant envelop these islands in a cloud of wind-driven mist, made me seek refuge in a cabin. It was a crowded, busy peasant's home, and as I sat by the fire—the warmest seat being given me with the invariable hospitality of these people—I found abundant material for observation and reflection. While drying my dripping garments, I saw for the first time seated in a corner, as if to screen himself from observation, the figure of a young man clad in white flannel, the costume of the island. His face was thin and sad, and of the same color of the garments he wore, and he gazed at the fire with such a dejected and hopeless expression as led me to infer that he was the fated victim of some terrible disease—consumption, perhaps—and was feebly waiting through the long hours of the day and night the death he knew to be so sure and near. I spoke to him, striving in my pity to appear unconscious of perceiving his misery. Without answering, he rose abruptly and left the cabin. The looks of concern and inquietude in the faces about me told of some unusual sorrow, which the mother, leaving her spinning-wheel, explained to me in a low voice. She told me that the young man, her eldest son, poor Owney, as she called him, had until a month before been the most healthy and cheerful member of the family; ready and prompt at work, and the life of the household, when a letter came from America to a neighboring family inclosing money to pay the passage thither of their eldest daughter. It appeared that the young man had long entertained a secret passion for this girl, and when he heard that he probably would never see her again he declared his love for her, and besought her to remain. So far from being unmindful of his affections, she avowed her willingness to marry him at once, if he would accompany her to America immediately afterward. This was impossible; his own family were unable to assist him, and the few people who possess money on the island would not lend it without security. The practical damsel saw on the other side of the Atlantic every prospect of improving her material condition, and doubted not that husbands were as plentiful there as elsewhere; while, if she remained, she knew the drudgery and hopeless slavery that were the lot of all around her would be hers also.—Therefore she told her suitor if he could not accompany her she would not listen to his suit. When the young man found his upbraidings useless, he gave way to despair, and had not worked or spoken since his cruel sentence had been pronounced. Every day he grew thinner and more wan, and he did not partake of sufficient food to support life. All the solicitude and tenderness of his mother had not succeeded in arousing within him his former self, and with tears running down her cheeks she told me she thought he had lost his reason forever.

Some weeks previously the school master had written for them to a priest, a distant relative of the family, who lived in Connemara; but they had received no reply, and she supposed he had neither help nor counsel to give. I pondered for a long while, as I sat by the fire, upon what often proves to be the unfortunate sincerity of men, and I could not refrain from deploring the no less frequent levity of my own sex. In passing through the village a week afterward I stopped to say good-day to these kind people, when I found the house a scene of bustle and confusion. My erewhile love-sick swain was, when I entered, making himself a pair of pantaloons; and as he bade me good-day over a dangerously starched collar, his face glowed with health and energy. The now cheerful and happy mother informed me that since my last visit they had received a letter from the priest at Connemara, inclosing his blessing for her son and the money to pay his passage to America. She had been very busy knitting him stockings, and making him a fine, white flannel suit to be married in, and which thereafter he would not again wear till his arrival at New York, so that he would make a decent appearance in the New World, as became the relative of a priest. He was to be married to the object of his choice the next day, and they were to start immediately afterward upon their long voyage. As I left, the damsel, whose month's delay to prepare her outfit had given such a fortunate respite to her lover, thrust her head in the door and called upon Owney to be sure and wear the blue stockings she had knitted him to the chapel on the morrow; and then with her little *retrousse* nose turned up to the sky, ran blushing away.—*Harper's Magazine.*

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS WITH EQUAL SENSE.—The clever "Puzzle Editor" of London *Truth* exercises immense ingenuity in providing entertainment for his readers. He offered a prize for "sentences making sense whether read backward or forward." Here are a few sent in:

Dies slowly, fading day; winds mournful sigh:
Bright stars are waking;
Flies owlet, hooting, holding revel high,
Nightly silence breaking.

Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God.

She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.

Dear Harry—Devotedly yours remain I. Have you forgotten 20-pound cheque? Reply immediately, please, and hand to yours—Grace Darling.

Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.

Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.

Love is heaven and heaven is love, youth says. All beware! says age. Trying is poverty and fleeting is love.

Badly governed and fearfully troubled now is Ireland.

Adieu, darling! Time flies fast; sails are set, boats are ready. Farewell!

Exercise take, excess beware;
Rise early and breathe fresh air;
Eat slowly; trouble drive away;
Feet warmish keep; blend work with play.

Matter and mind are mysteries. Never mind. What is matter? Matter is—never mind. What is mind? Mind is—never matter.

Honesty and truth are good and admirable qualities, as sympathy and love are endearing traits.

Politics and religion avoid arguing in.—Here is good and sound advice.

Scandalous society and life make gossips frantic.

A PROMISING YOUTH recently suprised his father by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you 'cause she loved you?".

"Certainly she did."

The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked, "Well, was she as near sighted then as she is now?"

A GREAT LOAD OF WOOD.

Charles W. Stone, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* as follows:

I have been told that a story has appeared lately in some of the newspapers about a load of wood long ago in Connecticut, said to be the largest on record, and to have been gotten up by one of that McClellan family which in later days held the cunetatorship. The wish has been expressed that I should recall the great load at Templeton, which outdid Connecticut.

The Rev. Dr. Wellington was the old Templeton minister from early in the eighteen-hundreds, and Col. Leonard Stone was one of his parishioners. It was the custom to supplement the minister's moderate salary with presents from the products of the farms and especially with wood. Now, Col. Leonard, one day in January, 1822, was drawing to the parsonage some of his nice hard wood. It was a good ox-load; two cords or so. As he was going across the common with it, his brother Ephraim caught sight of him from the store, and was surprised at such a great load.

"Hello!" says he, "Why don't you take your minister a load of wood while you are about it?"

"Now, look here," says Colonel Leonard. "I've been sawing out lumber down at the mill, and there's any quantity of slabs. I'll give the minister *as big a load as you can take!*"

Colonel Ephraim was a man of fun. He instigated the townspeople to take hold with him and accept his brother's challenge. First, they made the sled. Long trees were cut for the runners. These were made thirty odd feet long and set eight feet apart. The body of the sled projected two feet over the runner on each side. Thus the sled would hold twelve regular cords of wood at one layer. There were two tongues, one in front of each runner.

On the appointed day the men and the oxen from all over town came to the meeting place. The sled was taken to the sawmill and backed up against the great pile. On went the slabs with a will. Colonel Leonard stood by laughing, cheering, urging them along. When they had got on as much as they thought would do, they hitched up the team. *One hundred and sixty oxen,* four abreast, found it easy enough to pull. They had to go around through Baldwinville, because there was not room at the Otter river bridge for the sled to turn in. When they had got on to the level ground above Baldwinville, they stopped and unhitched. Then with every-day sleds they went back to the mill to bring more slabs and pile them on the big load. This they kept up till there were no more slabs. Forty cords lay piled on that sled. And

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 4, 1881.

GEN. GARFIELD arrived in Washington from Mentor, O., on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, and was received in a brief address by the notorious Robert G. Ingersoll—"Royal Bob," as Garfield is in the habit of saluting him as a mark of special honor and distinction.

THE report of the Auditor General of this State for the fiscal year, ending on the 30th November, 1880, shows that the cost to the treasury of the National Guard was $281,775.73. From this it would appear that our army is rapidly becoming quite an expensive luxury.

THE friends of Stanley Matthews now assert that he will be renominated to the Senate as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by President Garfield, at the request of Mr. Hayes. Well, suppose he is, will that, in the estimation of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, render Matthews any more fit for the position than he was when he was nominated by Hayes himself?

THE English suffered a most disastrous defeat on Sunday last at the hands of the Boers in South Africa, nearly all of the British troops engaged, amounting to between seven hundred and a thousand men, having been slaughtered, and Gen. Sir George Colley killed. Gen. Colley was the commander-in-chief of the British forces in their operations against the Boers, whose Dutch ancestors emigrated to that part of Africa and established a prosperous settlement, of which the English government is now, without any cause except her own sweet will, attempting to appropriate to her own grasping use. Gen. Colley, who was only forty-five years old, was one of the most distinguished officers in the British army, and like so many other brave but unfortunate men who have done some of England's best fighting during the present century, was an Irishman, having been born in the county Dublin.

THE outrageous and plundering River and Harbor bill, after having passed the House by the well-known and corrupt practice of "log rolling," was loaded down in the Senate by additional appropriations amounting to about a million of dollars, and passed that body finally, on last Saturday night, by a vote of 32 yeas to 12 nays. If Mr. Hayes had only backbone enough to put the unsightly bantling in its little bed with his veto for a covering, he would receive the applause of the whole country. That, however, would be expecting too much of a good thing from such a source, and he has no doubt already made himself a party to the fraud by giving the bill his approval. In the final throes of its passage through the Senate, Judge Thurman and Mr. Wallace vigorously and eloquently protested against its passage as a whole, and pointed out the downright robbery and glaring fraud on the public treasury of many of its features. It was alike creditable to both of these Senators thus to mark the closing hours of their terms in Congress by sternly resisting such a giant wrong, for the perpetration of which both Democrats and Republicans in Congress must be held equally responsible.

TO-DAY at noon Rutherford B. Hayes retires from the Presidency, the powers and duties of which he has been exercising and discharging for the last four years, although he was never elected to the office by the people. If one could for a moment throw out of view the base and infamous methods through which Mr. Hayes was elevated to his high position, there would be a feeling of at least some satisfaction in commending certain of his official acts and in expressing a kindly approval of some of the features of his administration. This, however, is simply impossible in the face of the ever-present and ever-shadowing fact, that from the beginning to the end of his term he was nothing more than a Presidential impostor. But being even so, justice demands the acknowledgment that his administration of the affairs of the country has been conspicuously exempt from the corruptions and scandals of the last four memorable years of Grant's disgraceful rule. The peculiar position which Mr. Hayes occupies before the country at the close of his official career may be said to be identical with that of an old line Whig Governor of Kentucky who was unequal to the occasion, as described by a shrewd, intelligent darkey of that State when he said of the outgoing executive: "De Guberner—he came in wid a powerful opposishun, and he goes out widout any."

DURING one of his recent flying visits to Paris, Mr. Parnell had interviews with Henri Rochefort and Victor Hugo, both of whom are avowed revolutionists. Rochefort is also a rank communist and was prominent among the bloodthirsty scoundrels who inaugurated a reign of terror in Paris after the defeat of Louis Napoleon by the Prussians at Sedan. This alliance, or association, of Mr. Parnell with French revolutionists has caused a good deal of unfavorable comment in Ireland, but Mr. Parnell insists that he went to France, as he had gone to America, to enlist the aid and sympathy of the whole nation, and not any particular section of it. Archbishop McCabe, of Dublin, the Catholic Primate of Ireland, regards any affiliation with such men as Rochefort as an insult and an indignity to Ireland in her present struggle, and in a pastoral address issued on Sunday last, refers to the matter in the following pointed language:

"We should pray with great fervor for our country, over which the Almighty has permitted sore trials to fall. Her history is still to a great extent a record of sorrows. But a calamity more terrible and humiliating than has yet befallen her seems to threaten. Allies of our country in her struggle for justice are sought from the ranks of impious infidels who have plunged their own unhappy land into misery and who are sworn to destroy the foundations of all religion. Will Catholic Ireland tolerate such an indignity? Will she give her confidence to men who have wickedly planned it? Will she break from all holy traditions which, during ages of persecution, commanded the veneration of the Christian world? Let us pray that God may forbid it."

FOR the second time during the session of Congress now closing, Morgan R. Wise, who represents the Westmoreland district, was instrumental with others, on Thursday night of last week, by their absence from the House, in leaving it without a quorum for the transaction of business. Wise, together with the other members who absented themselves, was hunted up and captured by the Sergeant-at-Arms at the White House, where he was dining with Hayes, and brought before the bar of the House to state his excuse for being absent. Mr. Klotz, the Democratic member from the Carbon district, listened to what Wise said by way of palliation, and knowing that he was lying, asked him through Speaker Randall whether when he (Wise) was about to leave the House he did not say that he was hungry and was going to the White House to get his dinner, and that he (Wise) didn't care a continental d—n what the House would say about it. Wise, in reply, said that Hayes had invited him to dine with him and that he had done so, but repudiated the language imputed to him by Klotz. Mr. Manning, of Mississippi, however, on being appealed to by Klotz, declared that he was present and heard Wise use the language charged by Klotz, thus putting Wise in a very ugly predicament. The House, however, saw proper to excuse him instead of imposing a fine on him. Morgan R. Wise must be a very important man at Washington when he is invited to come at a late hour of the night in full dress to dine with R. B. Hayes. But such is the life of a great man like Wise. He was a laughing stock when he represented Greene county in the Legislature, and he still holds his own in Congress. And yet he represents the wealthy and intelligent district composed of the counties of Westmoreland, Fayette and Greene.

THE death of Matthew H. Carpenter, United States Senator from Wisconsin, which occurred in Washington on yesterday week, removes from the Senate one of the ablest and certainly the most brilliant of its members. He was fifty-six years old and started in life as a poor boy, the son of obscure parents in Moorestown, Vermont. Having been adopted in the twelfth year of his age by the then Governor of that State, whose daughter he afterwards married, young Carpenter when he was twenty years old entered the law office of the distinguished Rufus Choate, in Boston, and after having been admitted to the bar settled in Milwaukee, where in a few years he became as an orator to the Northwest, what Rufus Choate was to New England. It is unnecessary to speak of his career in the Senate. He appeared before the Electoral Commission in 1877, "not," as he said, "for Samuel J. Tilden, but for ten thousand legal voters of the State of Louisiana, who, without accusation or proof, indictment or trial, notice or hearing, have been disfranchised by four villains incorporated in perpetual succession, whose official title is the Returning Board of Louisiana." Mr. Carpenter's faults were many, but he never attempted to conceal them, as so many public men do, behind the mask of hypocrisy. The vacancy caused by his death cannot be filled by the Wisconsin Legislature, under the act of Congress regulating the election of Senators, until the 9th of March, (next Wednesday) which, owing to the nearly equal strength of parties in the Senate, will give the Democrats the power of organizing that body to-day by electing its officers as well as the standing committees.

THE effort made last week in the Senate by a few of the moral, high-toned Republican members of that body, to raise a committee for the purpose of investigating the constitutional right of Eckley B. Coxe, of Luzerne county, to his seat, proved a most miserable failure, only *fifteen* Republicans voting for the resolution of inquiry, and Mr. Coxe was sworn in by Judge Pearson. The two Republican Senators who took a conspicuous part in favor of the investigation were A. J. Herr, of the Dauphin district, and A. Wilson Norris, of the Sixth Philadelphia district, both of whom are noble specimens of "sawdust" reformers. Herr took Cameronism and all that the name implies as naturally as an Indian takes the small-pox—was counsel for Kemble and his corrupt lobby agents in the Pittsburg riot cases, and was specially prominent in urging their release by the Pardon Board. Norris is a light weight statesman just budding into usefulness as a reformer, and would have voted for John Welsh for United States Senator, a man who deliberately headed a movement after the Maine election last September to raise an enormous fund for the express and avowed purpose of corrupting the voters of Indiana into the support of the Republican State ticket in October. Herr and Norris are a nice brace of "Christian statesmen," as they might be called, to assail the honor and reputation of such a man as Eckley B. Coxe, the latchets of whose shoes they are unworthy to unloose.

Two years ago Andrew G. Curtin ran for Congress in the Centre district, and was defeated by Seth H. Yocum, the Greenback-Republican candidate. Curtin contested Yocum's right to the seat, but being unsuccessful, Yocum held the fort. Each of them filed his bill of campaign expenses with the Committee on Elections, the respective amounts of which we cannot state, but in the sundry civil appropriation bill, which passed both houses a few days ago, the large sum of $8,000 was allowed to each by way of reimbursing him. Under this state of the case, where is the man who wouldn't like to be defeated for Congress, and then pocket $8,000 as a solace to his wounded feelings, or, what is still better, to hold his seat, as Yocum did, at a salary of $5,000 a year, and have $8,000 thrown in to cover expenses? This is undoubtedly a great country, and to run for Congress and be defeated is becoming nearly as big a thing as to run and be elected.

THE Legislature by a concurrent resolution adjourned from Wednesday last until next Tuesday, on account of Garfield's inauguration, which occurs to-day. It will cost the tax-payers of the State not less than fifteen thousand dollars, but the people have been accustomed in the past to such silly and expensive performances by the Legislature, that they regard them with a sort of stolid indifference and without even thinking of protesting against them.

The Irish Agitation.

The branch of the Irish Land League promises, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, to play an important and possibly a determining part in the agitation in England and Ireland, for a reform in the system of land tenure. It will supply the sinews of war, to continue peaceable and constitutional agitation, by liberal contributions of money. It does not counsel or ask money for purposes of violence or armed hostility to the British government. The matter how righteous the cause of the Irishman, the odds against the Irish people are so great that an insurrection would only rivet their chains and entail fearful suffering and oppression on a helpless population. The great end in view must be accomplished by other means, and by arousing not only the English people but the sense of the civilized world against the brutalities and oppression of English rule in Ireland. England bore an important part, by its money contributions, in the agitation that ripened in our civil war and the freedom of the slave. We can now reciprocate this service to humanity by promoting the enfranchisement of the Irish people from the tyranny of law and custom as galling in its way as was American slavery.

The President of the American branch of the Land League is Hon. P. A. Collins, a distinguished Irish-American of Boston, and the Treasurer Rev. Lawrence Walsh, of Waterbury, Connecticut, to whom all money subscriptions should be remitted. Mr. Collins in a recent interview gave facts and figures of the progress and work of the American branch. There are now established *some two hundred thousand branch Leagues* in this country, and the number is rapidly increasing. Within two months, Mr. Collins says, the number from *three to four hundred thousand members enrolled*. Asserting that at least one-quarter of the population of the United States is Irish or of Irish lineage, and that the people of that nationality here are substantially of one mind in favor of the land movement, Mr. Collins denies that there is any prospect of a collapse of the agitation, either in this country or abroad, growing out of recent events on the other side. He says there are plenty of leaders to take all the vacant places, and that assuredly the movement will not die from a lack of that kind. The agitation will go on. A noise must be made to secure the attention of the world; and force in some form must be used to make England consider the Irish question. But the Land League is "pursuing its course strictly within the limits of law, preserving the peace, counselling and enforcing moderation among the people, and under its administration crime has diminished rather than increased."

Some people who take a surface view of events are disposed to deride the policy of "obstruction" pursued by the Irish members of the House of Commons. The truth is it has accomplished great results. It is a form of agitation that reached, not only the English people, but the civilized world, and particularly the English-speaking portion of it in the United States, Canada, and Australia. The Boston *Pilot*, in reply to the sneer of a leading paper at Parnell's "stupid obstruction policy," explains the philosophy and results of it in this way:

> No matter for Ireland's anger and anguish while she could do nothing but ask, argue, and be outvoted.
>
> The world did not care. No other country understood or interfered. Ireland was an English grievance, fought the National battle, and why should England treat part of herself injuriously? There was a wide belief, however vague, that the Irish had really no solid cause for complaint, but were unsettled and inefficient by nature. Mr. Parnell saw like the clear-headed and able man he has proved himself to be, that something must be done to show that there is a great deal of evil in Ireland, and even of Ireland herself, or another generation would see almost the destruction of an ancient race and a great political force.
>
> What could be done with such petty power as he commanded? What could twenty men do against over six hundred who had made up their minds to ignore the whole thing? They could not stop the thing—they could stop the wheels of the imperial machine. They could lay hold on all the rules and precedents and allowances of Parliament, and cram them like solid logs before the wheels of the engine.
>
> When the great machine stopped on the track and screamed with anger like a locomotive, the purposes of the Obstructionists was wholly gained. They had awakened Ireland to the centre; they had aroused all England to Ireland's grievances and demands; they had forced the whole world to look away from the hereditary legislators and handing it to the whole English people; and they had succeeded in arresting the attention of the civilized world to the relations of the two countries.

This is no exaggerated view of what the Irish cause has gained by "obstruction." It is a form of agitation that has compelled England to revise its parliamentary rules of practice, musty with the age of centuries. Irish grievances and wrongs, under the new rules of redress, are better understood to-day than they have ever been before. They have been forced on the attention of the world. And England, and least of all the Liberal party of England, cannot set itself against a demand for justice that has back of it the enlightened opinion of mankind. Results may not be achieved in a day, but the seed has been sown in a fruitful soil, and the not distant future will witness the fruition of great hopes. The one fact that what has hitherto been a local and provincial matter, has assumed the mighty proportions of an imperial question, interesting every part of the British empire, is an all sufficient answer to those who cavil at agitation in Parliament or elsewhere.

A London correspondent of the Chicago *Times* telegraphs that paper an interview with Mr. A. M. Sullivan, one of the ablest of the Irish representatives, asking for the real reason for the fight made against the Coercion bill. Mr. Sullivan replied, giving reasons additional to those we have quoted from the *Pilot*. He said:

> The first was, had the bill passed soon after being introduced, it would have been met with resistance and bloodshed. The people of Ireland were not prepared for it, and time must be had to get them accustomed to the situation. For that purpose emissaries were sent throughout the land and eight, for six weeks, making the people acquainted with the coming enactment, and counseling submission. It was for his influence with the Irish people that Parnell was released. The second reason was that resistance gave time to remove £70,000 and the vitals of the Land League to neutral territory. The enormous delay in which the Irish members in the House of Commons Monday night, which caused so much astonishment, was because otherwise they delayed the bills until all was accomplished that had been sought by delay. The Obstructionists won a great victory. The third reason for obstruct on was that if the bill was delayed Saturday, March 5, the Government by its own subsidence of illegal acts that the Government would not think coercion necessary.

DEAD AT FIVE SCORE YEARS AND FIVE.—Mrs. Mary Orem, a well-known and venerable resident of Hampden, Baltimore county, Md., died on last Saturday morning, at the age of 104 years, 10 months and 25 days. Mrs. Orem resided in the neighborhood of Woodberry for over a half century. Her maiden name was Mary Peake. She was born at Ridgely's Forges, at the mouth of the Gunpowder, on the 22d of April, 1776. Her father was an Englishman, named Robert Peake, who came to this country with the British army, deserted and went as a drummer in the American army at the age of sixteen years. He married Miss Murray, by whom he had nine children, Mrs. Orem being the oldest and only surviving child. In 1806 she married Cooper Orem, a carpenter at the Forges, by whom she had nine children. James, her oldest living child, is now 75 years of age and resides in this county. Mrs. Hare, with whom she lives, is the oldest living daughter and is 65 years of age. Mrs. Harriet Simmons and Mary J. Houlk, with her son James and Mrs. Hare, her only surviving children, reside here. Mrs. Orem has had twenty-five grandchildren and fifty-one great-grandchildren. She was married in her father's house by Rev. Nathan Greenfield and was familiar with many events of the Revolution. Her husband, Cooper Orem, served in the war of 1812 and 1814. Mrs. Orem had been totally blind for four years, but in good health and always cheerful up to a few days ago. She used to say that her grandfather on her mother's side, whose name was Cudlip and, died in Cornwall, England, left an immense estate, of which she was one of the legitimate heirs.

MRS. HAYES ON THE SITUATION.—"Now, Rutherford," she remarked, with some feeling, "what am I to think of your administration, with my sister's husband's brother in-law, Mr. Matthews, not likely to be confirmed, and poor Mr. Rogers with nothing to depend upon except indeed his lovly poetry; and as for our poor dear son, Webb C., it makes me sick to think what sort of a father you are, when those Grant boys are all married rich, and one of them is a Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff, and Webb C. hasn't got even a postmastership, and has to go back to that nasty little Fremont no better'n when he came here; and as for me, I've no patience to think about it, with those common old country folks out there all achirp to call us frauds the minute we can't give their poor shoats of husbands collector ships; and I'm even beginning to believe that old Tilden himself is more of a man." Then she swung the broom around at a tremendous rate and Rutherford and Carl Schurz stepped quietly away in a cloud of dust to the private closet in the cellar, where a few small bottles were stored.

REV. FATHER FERRIS, one of the most widely known priests in the Pittsburgh diocese, died on Tuesday morning last at the residence of his mother in Pittsburgh, aged 35 years and 6 months. *Requiescat in pace.*

HEADACHE, all Bilious Disorders, Dyspepsia, and Constipation cured by DR. METTAUER'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cents. [2-21.-1m.]

An Orphan Asylum Burned.

FOURTEEN BOYS AND THREE GIRLS SUFFOCATED IN THEIR ROOMS.

SCRANTON, PA., Feb. 27, 1881.—The wildest excitement prevails in this city over the most heartrending disaster that ever occurred here. At a few minutes before 9 o'clock this evening, a fire broke out in St. Patrick's Orphanage, at Jackson street and Lincoln avenue, Lyons Park, and fourteen boys and three girls, ranging in age from 6 to 12 years, were suffocated. The orphanage was in charge of several Sisters of Charity, who had care of twenty-two girls and eighteen boys. The children slept on the third floor, a partition separating the dormitories. At 8½ o'clock this evening one of the Sisters went down the stairs, and left the children put to bed and locked the doors. She had hardly descended the stairs when she saw a dense cloud of smoke issuing from the rooms on one of the upper floors. Hurrying back to the apartment occupied by the girls, she took one of the smallest in her arms, and the rest quietly followed her to a place of safety. By this time the fire was raging fiercely on the third floor, and smoke poured into the hallway.

The inmates of the house were now thoroughly alarmed, and the girls were hurried from the building. The Sister who discovered the flames again began to ascend the stairs to assist the boys to escape. When she had gone about half way up she was met by a man who informed her that the boys had all been safely removed. She persisted that they had not been taken out, but he insisted that none were in the building, and refused to allow her to pass. Thousands of persons were by this time attracted to the scene. It was rumored that many of the children were in the building, but those who presumed to know quieted the fears of the crowd by saying that all the inmates had been safely removed. Scores of persons entered the house to investigate, but the flames raged so fiercely that but little progress could be made in the attempt to reach the sleeping apartments.

Four fire companies came on the scene in quick succession, and the work of combatting the flames was actively begun. In a short time the fire raging in the hallway was extinguished, and the firemen were enabled to reach the dormitory occupied by the boys. The door was battered in, and the discovery was made that not a single occupant of the room had escaped. The little ones were huddled together beneath their cots, many of them being covered by the bed clothing. Not one showed a sign of life, and they must have been suffocated soon after the fire broke out.

On account of the absence of the superintendent from the city it cannot be definately ascertained to-night how the girls were found in the boys' dormitory. The bodies of the children were removed to the residence of the priest, and hundreds of persons surged into the building to view the remains. Many of the orphans had been placed in the Institution by their parents, and the distressed women are almost heart-broken with grief when they singled out a child from the number and claimed the little one. The majority of the children were without father or mother, and were shown every attention by the Sisters, and were supported by the people of the parish. The disaster has sent a thrill of sorrow throughout the city. There is no fixed theory as to how the fire originated.

STILL LATER.

SCRANTON, PA., Feb. 28.—The excitement over the burning of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum is intense.

Although the origin of the fire is assigned to a defective flue on the second floor, the matter has not been definitely settled. The assertion by one of the Sisters of Charity that she was stopped on the stairway by a stranger and ordered to return to the rescue of the boys, after having taken the girls to a place of safety, causes much inquiry as to who he was, but none of those who were in the building have yet identified him.

The three girls among the dead are supposed to have been broken from their apartment and entered that of the boys, where they met their death with the rest.

At 11 o'clock this morning the coroner empanneled a jury and viewed the bodies of the seventeen dead children. The children were identified by two Sisters of the burned asylum. They were all found in the floor, with blackened faces and burned wrists. The jury visited the burned asylum and inspected the dormitories. The boys' room was greatly damaged by flames, large holes having been burned in the floor. The girls' room was not damaged so much, but the cots were disarranged, showing that they must have experienced the most intense fright. The jury adjourned until Friday next.

A Sovereign Remedy for Smallpox and Scarlet Fever.

About two years ago *The Record* made known through its columns a smallpox specific which had been given to the public by a correspondent of the Stockton (Cal.) *Herald*, who declared that it had been successful used to his knowledge in hundreds of cases, and would prevent smallpox, or cure it even though the pittings were filling. The recipe was originally published as a panacea for smallpox by some of the most scientific schools of medicine in Paris. It is claimed to be of infallible efficacy. It is a cure also for scarlet fever, and is harmless when administered to well people. Following is the prescription:

Sulphate of zinc, seventy grains; sugar (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. The disease will disappear in twelve hours. For children smaller doses should be given according to their years.

A subscriber of *The Record* called at this office yesterday with a slip cut from the issue of this paper which contained the recipe above given, and stated that the preparation had cured a child of smallpox in one day. The remedy appears to be precisely the same as that now being dispensed to scores of people daily at St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, at the corner of Seventh and Spruce streets, in this city, and which has been found remarkably efficacious. Mother Gonzaga, the venerable head of the institution, who is busily engaged in compounding the medicine, has been a member of the Sisterhood of Charity here for fifty-four years, and is now the Mother Superior of the order in this city. She states that she received the specific from Father Kenrich, of Germantown, some ten years ago, who first had it from a French physician who discovered it during the prevalence of a smallpox epidemic in Paris, where it has been used with great success. When the Sister first began to make it she voluntarily sent a bottle or two to families that she knew were suffering from smallpox; the result was so surprisingly beneficial that the report rapidly spread, and in a short time the news was known all over the neighborhood. Several priests in the city have not only recommended it, but announced to their congregations where it could be procured, and the additional publicity thus given has necessitated the constant labor of all the Sisters in the work of preparation. It is made in a large copper vessel, which holds eight gallons, and not infrequently twenty gallons a day are distributed. Any person can procure it, no distinction being made on account of religion. It is given free where persons are unable to pay, but those who desire can make a small offering in return for it. It is the custom of the Sisters to send out a printed prayer and a small scapular of the Sacred Heart with each bottle. Many cases of cure are recounted by people in the vicinity, and the Sisters say that in no case where it has been used has it failed to give the best results.—*Philadelphia Record.*

CURED BY FAITH.—A special correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, writing from Damascus, Pa., Feb. 26th, says: Miss Lillie Tyler, a relative of Mr. William Tyler, the postmaster at this place, has been an invalid for upwards of six years. Doctors have termed her complaint heart disease. She has been treated by some of the most noted medical men in this country and has used all kinds of medicines she could hear of, with no relief. About a month ago Miss Tyler heard of a lady living in Connecticut who cured long-standing diseases by prayer. A letter was sent to this lady and an answer received from the worker of miracles appointing the day and hour when Lillie and her friends should engage in prayer for her restoration to health. The day came at last and the invalid's friends gathered at her bedside. This was about a week ago. Miss Tyler was at the time, too weak to raise her head from the pillow, and the company present included her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Tyler and her pastor, the Rev. Thomas Wescott. At the appointed time the young lady and her assembled relatives engaged in prayer. As remarkable as it may seem, before the hour had elapsed the young lady was sufficiently recovered to sit up in bed and has been rapidly improving ever since. She is to-day in such an improved condition that she is able to ride out, and her relatives are convinced that her complete cure will result. Considerable excitement prevails in this immediate neighborhood over the strange cure.

LIVING WITNESSES.—The hundreds of strong, hearty, rugged and healthy looking men, woman and children that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death, by Parker's Ginger Tonic, are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community. Read of it in another column. [2-21.-1m.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Garfield has a brother chopping wood at $1 a day, and they say he is the happier man of the twain.

—In Schuylkill county Cornelius O'Donnell, an old man, choked to death while eating a piece of meat.

—While shooting at Mike Murphy late Saturday night, at Cincinnati, Richard Hurly killed John Sullivan.

—John Vanderheide, aged 24 years, was hanged on Friday, in Shelbyville, Kentucky, for the murder of a little colored girl, committed last July.

—Charles Merrill killed his mother at China, Me., recently, and to hide the crime chopped the body to pieces and buried what he could not burn.

—The anxiety about Paul Boyton has been relieved by a letter received by his mother, dated the 6th of January, which said he had gone to the interior of Peru.

—Martin Ross and William Pickett, living near Waverly, Mo., exchanged shots Thursday on account of an alleged insult offered by Ross to Pickett's wife. Pickett was killed and Ross cannot recover.

—There is a farmer in the eastern end of Lancaster county, eighty-one years of age, who has always dealt at one store. His first visits were made when he was a small boy, and accompanied his father.

—Four strangers and the proprietors of a saloon near Santa Fe, N. M., quarrelled while playing cards a few days ago. Pistols were drawn and the strangers were shot dead. No arrests have been made.

—Mrs. Edward Forrest, of Smithville, Bradford county, recently gave birth to girl twins who were firmly united in a face-to-face positon from the breast bone to the abdomen. They died shortly after birth.

—At the Whipporwill colliery, in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Thursday, Richard Williams, aged sixteen years, was cut to pieces by a runaway car, and James Davis, William Davis, M. Webb and Edward McRue were seriously injured.

—Can a legislative enactment make s-a-s spell "saw?" They think so down in Arkansas, for the Legislature of that State has passed a bill defining the pronunciation of Arkansas to be Arkansaw. Kansaw is still to be heard from.

—Mrs. H. H. Ingham, of Monroeton, Bradford county, waited upon a niece attacked by scarlet fever. In wiping the patient's mouth the saliva came in contact with a sore on Mrs. Ingham's hand, causing her death. The niece recovered.

—Archbishop Laing, of Santa Fe, is in better luck as to worldly affairs than most of the clerical professions. He owns a gold mine which yields $1,000 from two bucketfuls of ore. One nugget recently taken out proved to be worth $2,000.

—Agent Charles H. Day, of Forepaugh's show, Philadelphia, has received nearly 200 photographs in answer to his offer of $10,000 for the services for the season of the handsomest lady in the land. This far a young lady of Bradford is the favorite.

—Thirteen of the victims of the orphanage fire at Hyde Park, near Scranton were buried in one grave on Tuesday. A miner, who is much respected, is the man charged with stopping one of the Sisters from going up stairs, but he denies the charge.

—Congress has passed a special act placing Mr. Hubbell Upright of Rockland, Iowa, on the pension rolls because she had eleven sons in the Federal army. There is no other instance in the country of a mother having eleven sons, all in the army.

—Two brothers had a lawsuit in New Castle a few days ago to settle which should pay for an eight dollar tombstone over their mother's grave. They will both receive lucrative offices under Garfield's administration, or a record for meanness is of little use.

—Ellen Athey, a murderess in jail at New Philadelphia, Ohio, got out of her cell, and was met in the corridor by Mrs. Lyons, the Sheriff's wife. A desperate struggle between the women resulted in the securing of the prisoner and the fatal injury of her captor.

—Michael Davitt, the land leaguer, is the son of a tenant-farmer of County Mayo, and worked in a Lancashire cotton mill until he was 9 years old. A machine crushed his right hand in the machinery and had to be amputated. Thereafter he turned his attention to educating himself, and at 15 became a government letter-carrier.

—A dower of $850, which has been standing against a property in Northampton county since 1826 and on which $2,683.30 interest had been added, was distributed recently among the heirs of an old lady who died a few weeks ago at the age of 104 years. Nine children survive her, the oldest being over 80 years of age.

—Oscar Trigg, Superintendent of the Madison, Indiana, Poor Asylum, has a block of wood—a piece of beech limb—in the head of which is a likeness of a woman dressed in the style of the period, the skirts being flounced, tucked, gathered and plumed back, the arms being carried a la kangaroo. It is a freak of nature.

—The Philadelphia *Times* says that a rumor has been current for some days that Mr. L. P. Farmer, General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, intended to resign, owing to impaired health. Mr. Farmer's friends express the hope that he will be able to continue in the position that he has filled with so much ability.

—The Columbia *Spy* is responsible for the story that on Wednesday evening a large monkey was seen on the residence of Mrs. Rudenstein, on North Third street, in that borough, by strains of music from a piano; that he scratched at the door until admitted, and that not appreciating his presence the inmates of the house killed him.

—A child's dress made of flint glass and trimmed with the same material is now on exhibition in a show window on Fifth avenue, Pittsburg. The dress glistens like the finest satin, and is marvelously beautiful. The fabric from which it is fashioned was spun and woven at the glass factory of Messrs. Atterbury & Co., that city.

—Jacob Hoch, of Hoch's Mill, Lemuru township, Berks county, had lost her voice two years, five months and six days, all of which time she was able to speak only in a whisper. Recently, when she was trying to speak through a home-made telephone constructed of essence boxes, she recovered her voice, and is now able to speak as well as ever.

—When Orin V. Crowell left Socorro, New Mexico, for Lake View, N. J., the other day, he kissed a pretty girl good-bye, at the same time noticing that her cheeks were plumper than usual. On his arrival at Lake View he found almost the entire family with a swollen face and his mouth open like that of a fish. The pretty girl had the mumps and by the kiss Orin caught them.

—Henry O'Connor, aged 17 years, shot his sister Annie, a girl of 20, at St. Louis, on Friday night, while she was in bed in her room. He had previously been reproved by his uncle for striking a younger sister, and supposing Annie had reported him to the uncle, fired what will doubtless prove a fatal shot. Annie tries to shield him by saying it was an accidental shot.

—An old German woman died in a miserable hovel near Quakertown, Bucks county, a few days ago, in the midst of poverty and filth, who was heiress to a fortune of $10,000. The money could have been obtained long ago, but for the obstinacy of her husband, who refused to consent to the deduction of some interest that was in dispute at the time of the settlement of the estate.

—The Philadelphia *Press* sums up the character of the abortive movement against Eckley B. Coxe in one sentence: "To attempt to torture his voluntary self-accusation of over-zealous electioneering into evidence of such a wilful violation of law as to forever disqualify him from holding any office of honor or trust in the State is neither very ingenious nor very decent."

—At Syracuse, N. Y., on Friday last, Judge Riegie sentenced the Earlgang of Burglars, thieves, and highway robbers, Lean and Charles Earl each to sixty-five years in the State Prison, and Emma Earl, sister, receiver of stolen property, to fifteen years. Of the other members of the gang Thomas Jaques got forty years, Frank Richards twenty years, and Anna Sterling five years.

—Bartner and Baptiste Costa, two eccentric brothers, lived together in an isolated house at Collinsville, Mo. Baptiste went to the nearest neighbor and said that he had killed Bartner. His story, though true, was not believed. Next day he tried to convince another neighbor that he was a murderer, but with no better success. A week elapsed before he was able to get himself arrested.

—In the eastern part of Bartholomew county, Ind., a mob, masked and armed, seized Samuel Ewing on Tuesday night of last week and hung him till he was nearly dead, and then stood over him with a cocked pistol trying to extort from him a confession that he had poisoned Dr. Biddinger's horses, the doctor having lost seven by poisoning. The mob utterly failed and abandoned the prisoner.

—Mrs. Armstrong, a young and charming widow with a fortune of $30,000, was received into the best society in Columbus, Ohio. She married Hermann Corzillious, the Treasurer of the county. Two weeks after the wedding she was arrested for the murder of her first husband, whose father had for two years kept detectives at work on the case, and had at last discovered testimony clearly implicating her.

—A child named Shutter was burned to death on Thursday, by playing with fire in the absence of its parents from home, near Coeymans, New York. A little girl was killed in Coeymans the same day by falling on the water wheel of a paper mill. James Jordan, a miner, was killed by a blast in a coal mine at Pittston, Pa., Friday. Sheridan C. Matthews, aged 16, was killed by the cars at Carbondale, Pa., on Thursday.

—The so-called "independent Republicans," alias bolters, of the Pennsylvania Legislature are very much mortified now to discover that Senator Cameron suggested Congressman Mitchell for Senator. They have been working nearly two months "to beat Cameron," and refused to elect two good men because Cameron wanted them elected. After all this fuss and fury, to have stepped into the Cameron trap makes these patriotic and broad-gauge statesmen very unhappy.

—Absolom Reynolds, proprietor of the Reynolds House, Kittanning, who died on Thursday night last, was born into the hotel business, having first seen the light in the Kittanning Inn, the predecessor of the Reynolds House. Reynolds was born in 1819. His father came to Kittanning when it was an Indian village and built the first hotel, which he conducted until 1850. About 1850 Absolom was elected Treasurer of Armstrong county. He leaves $100,000 to be divided between his son and daughter.

—The live question of hugging, whatever it may be, is before the Michigan Legislature in the case of Joe Ingalls, charged with hugging a girl against her will a penitentiary offense. The Philadelphia *Times* thinks no measure of this sort is likely to pass. No girl—unless the girls of Michigan are totally different from all other girls—wants any such law as that; it would spoil about ninety-nine-one-hundredth of all the fun there is in this world, and every enterprising young man in the State would be in jail within a month.

—E. C. Hayden, convicted of the murder of his wife, and sentenced, in September, 1877, to two years' imprisonment in jail, two years' confinement in the State Prison, at hard labor, three months' solitary confinement and then to be hanged, suffered the latter penalty, Friday afternoon, at Windsor, Vermont. An application for a new trial, on the ground of insanity, was refused about a week ago by the Supreme Court. Hayden was intelligent and fairly well educated, but reckless and dissipated in his habits.

—An immense loss of stock by starvation has been one of the consequences of the unprecedented snows of the present winter in the extensive cattle ranges of the Western Territories. Such is the fertilizing effect of snow that the grazing in all that region will be exceptionally good this year, but it was probably sufficiently good before and did not require improvement. Enough is said to be as good as a feast. It is in fact a great deal better, and even short commons right along is preferable to an alternation of famine and abundance.

—It hardly seems possible, says the Dubuque (Iowa) *Times*, that our city has among its inhabitants a man who shook hands with Sitting Bull. A man who has smoked with him, a man who has hunted with him, a man who has courted his daughter, Big-woman-not-afraid-to-have-papooses; a man who has dared to enter the lodges of the bloodthirsty Sioux. But it is solid truth and cannot be disputed. When the history is written of that great tribe one name will stand boldly out and read Tim O'Shea, night clerk of the Julien. More anon.

—A shepherd dog on the farm of Mr. Thomas Hain, of Seeleyville, Wayne county, has been creating a furore in that neighborhood during the entire past winter. He has been seen repeatedly to drag a large piece of bark up a steep hill back of the farmhouse, where he would seat himself on it and slide to the bottom of the hill. Many people have witnessed this strange freak of the dog's, and after coasting down the hill several times the dog would carry the bark sled to a place of safety until he needed it again.

—Samuel Maloney, a Catholic priest of Cherry Creek, White Pine county, Nev., while crossing Ruby Valley on horseback, a short time ago, got caught out at night and had a very narrow escape from being devoured by coyotes. A pack of the wolves attacked him, but through violent shouting and the good efforts of his mount managed, by the aid of a good horse, but chiefly by the latter, he finally escaped. In relating his adventures to a newspaper reporter, he closed by saying: "I am now partially restored to my usual spirits and elasticity of mind, and expect ere long to be able again to compete with the boys in any feat of agility, except that of the swinging. Altogether, however, I look upon my narrow escape from death as a special protection of Divine Providence."

—A novel combat was witnessed by a large crowd in Kerry Patch, St. Louis. A bantam game cock made a fierce attack upon a small bull-terrier which approached close to a coop of chickens that were feeding. At first the dog snarled and showed his teeth, but did not attempt to injure his impudent antagonist. The bantam would not be subdued by such a moderate manifestation of spirit. He flew upon the terrier's back and sticking his spurs in the hair to obtain a foot-hold, apparently, tried to put out the dog's eyes. Terrier then attempted to snap off bantam's head, but the latter was too quick. After inflicting some slight wounds bantam flew a short distance and crew shrilly. Then he darted back again and met terrier half way. The terrier was agile and fighting hard, but was never able to get a bite of his opponent. He made a snap every five or six seconds, but the wily rooster always escaped injury. The fight lasted some five minutes, and only once did bantam's life appear to be in imminent danger. Bantam lost some of his feathers in the fight. Terrier lost one eye and considerable blood.

WE notice that a great many proprietory medicine men are advertising in such a manner as to lead the public, and particularly the retail druggists, to believe that the sale of their goods is so great, that unless their orders are sent in early they will be unable to fill them. We, however, notice one exception to this rule in the case of the SIXES' M'F'G Co., of Philadelphia Pa, who are honest enough to state, that no matter how fast they come in they will be filled. Their sales of WILD CHERRY and HOARHOUND they shall all be filled. Their sales on this preparation last year were 600,483 bottles; their facilities for making at present are 1,000,000 bottles per annum; but let no druggist or customer be alarmed that there will ever be a corner in SIX

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - MARCH 4, 1881.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Hop Bitters for sale at Barkers'.

—N. O. sugar for sale at Barkers'.

—St. Jacob's Oil for sale at Barkers'.

—Choice French prunes at Oatman's.

—Fresh canned peas for sale at Barkers'.

—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for sale at Barkers'.

—Kendall's Spavin Cure for sale at Barkers'.

—Green's August Flower for sale at Barkers'.

—Dobbins' Electric Soap for sale at Barkers'.

—The best two cigars for 5 cents at Oatman's.

—Barker & Bro. offer two cans of pie peaches for 25 cents.

—Five Tuesdays, five Wednesdays and five Thursdays this month.

—Ladies will find the best assortment of fine shoes in town at Oatman's.

—Barker & Bro. have lots of bargains to offer their customers this week.

—Buy your boots at Oatman's and save one dollar per pair in the purchase.

—Charles Hunt, of Hollidaysburg, caught four white owls last Monday night.

—See the Eldridge Sewing Machine at Barkers', and you will buy no other.

—Oatman keeps the largest stock of chewing and smoking tobaccos in Ebensburg.

—If your horse has a spavin, use Kendall's Spavin Cure. See their advertisement.

—Buy mess mackerel at Barkers' by the pound and save the price of heads and tails.

—A b-lizzard it was of the very worst kind which struck us this week in front and behind.

—Boy, what ails the horse? It needs Kendall's Spavin Cure. See their advertisement.

—Remember, Oatman's is the place where the biggest stock of wall paper can always be found.

—The number of dogs returned by the Assessor as afflicting this community is set down at 83.

—A few pairs of those heavy boots still left at Barkers'. Now is the chance for bargains not bootless.

—If you want a hat of any kind, Oatman is the man who will show you how to save money in buying it.

—Barker & Bro. have reduced prices on all their sugars and are now selling cheaper than any one else in the business.

—"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," when fish are to the front and flesh must seek the rear.

—There is no lying about the assertion that March came in like a lion, and if the old adage is to be respected, will go out like a lamb.

—Oatman's store is called the "big" store and the "boss" store because he keeps the largest and best assortment of goods in Ebensburg.

—"The initial day of the third month of the present year" is what the classical cuss Casper, of the Johnstown *Tribune*, calls the 1st of March.

—Mr. David Kinney, of Portage township, has lost four children within the past few weeks—all victims of scarlet fever or some kindred disease.

—The chickens have become more hen-terprising of late, and as a consequence the price of eggs is growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

—The new ordinance for the government of Ebensburg borough covers twenty-five pages of foolscap, a portion of which is reprint, but the major part written.

—The artesian well at the county almshouse is down about 185 feet, and as soon as rock bottom is struck boring will be discontinued and the well thoroughly tested.

—It is a noteworthy coincidence that the train bearing the "sojer boys" to Garfield's inauguration left the Johnstown depot at 3:22 yesterday afternoon. Those memorable figures won't down.

—On Tuesday last, ex-Treasurer Freidhoff, of this place, sold to ex-Sheriff Ryan, of Johnstown, a double house and lot of ground in Cambria borough, receiving therefor the sum of $800, cash in hand.

—Dr. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, Hamburg Tea, Rose of Cashmere Hair Tonic and Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap, all of which are advertised in these columns, can be bought at E. James' new drug store.

—Mr. John Litzinger has sold his hotel property at Cheat Springs to Mr. Peter Hopkins, proprietor of the St. Lawrence hotel, Altoona, who intends to utilize it as a summer resort. The price paid was $2,500.

—Mr. Jeremiah Detwiler and Miss Margaret B. Mardis, both of Indiana county, were duly and we trust happily joined in the silken bonds of matrimony by Justice Kinkead, at his office in this place, on Tuesday last.

—A lot of new mackerel, fat and festive, just received by V. S. Barker & Bro., and for sale by the barrel, half barrel, quarter barrel, kit, dozen, half dozen, or in any other way desired. The best and cheapest in town.

—Hon John Fenlon took advantage of the adjournment of the House at Harrisburg last Friday to make a hasty visit to his family and friends in this place—the first run home he has indulged in since the Legislature convened.

—The Greensburg *Democrat* locates the "alleged miraculous cure" of Miss Ellan McQuillan, an account of which appeared in our last issue, at Summitville, this county, and says that the people over there are greatly exercised about it. Du tell!

—March 4th was the command given to Co. A, of this place, on March 3d, and march forth they did on the afternoon of that day, with Washington City as the objective point and President Garfield's inauguration as the leading attraction.

—If your hair is coming out, or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. Ayer's Hair Vigor will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.

—Councilman Gutwalt was absent from the last regular meeting of Council by reason of attendance upon the sick members of his family. It is understood that had he been present he would have voted *nay* to at least some portions of the new ordinance.

—Patrick Flanigan, an old teamster, left his home in Houtzdale, Clearfield county, with his horse and sled, nearly a month ago, for the purpose of buying butter and other produce, and at latest accounts his friends knew nothing as to his whereabouts.

—Miss Sarah Miller, of Richland township, this county, recently "came to Grief" by marrying Joseph W. Grief, of the same township, and the Greensburg *Democrat* thinks it very probable that they will have a few little Griefs between them as time progresses.

—A lady named Miss Minnie Graves, who will be remembered by many of our local readers as having been a boarder in the family of H. Kinkead, Esq., several weeks last summer, died at her home in Tiffin, O., on Sunday last, and was buried the following Wednesday.

—Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., is under a financial cloud, with liabilities amounting to nearly if not quite $200,000, and assets that will scarcely exceed $50,000. Mr. Thomas Rosensteel, of Allegheny township, has fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars invested in said institution, and don't feel at all happy about it.

—Thousands of ladies have found sudden relief from all their woes by the use of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND, the great remedy for diseases peculiar to females. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—Burgess Edward J. Humphreys' valuable draw horse died last Saturday night, after a short illness. It was an animal of more than ordinary strength and endurance, and had been specially trained for the work it was called on to perform, and $150 would scarcely make good its loss.

—Marriages have increased 40 per cent. since young men have learned of the soothing effect of SINES' TAR, WILD CHERRY and HOARHOUND upon babies. Young man, if you keep a bottle on hand for an emergency you will be safe in bringing things to a climax. Sold by Barker & Bro., Ebensburg.

—Mrs. Griffith, wife of Jailor Evan Griffith, departed last Saturday evening for Red Oak, Iowa, where she has a married daughter (Mrs. William Baxter) living. She went in company with Mr. William Pryce, a resident of that place, who had been here on a visit to his former home and family connections.

—A large Cotswold sheep, weighing over two hundred pounds, owned by Mr. F. H. Barker, of this place, gave birth a few days ago to no less than four lambs, all of which, however, came into the world dead, while the mother herself was so badly injured by the effort that she had to be killed to put her out of her misery.

—Gibbons, the gorgeous, Gibbons, the gay, with his smiles and his samples came here t'other day, and after taking the orders of his friends in that line for groceries and sich like, as fresh as they're fine, he took the back track, and the reasons we'll tell, the roads northward were bad and 'twas blowing like —well, like a drummer selling groceries.

—Among the welcome visitors to our office on Tuesday last were Poor Directors Rorabaugh and Easly and ex-Sheriff Ryan. The two first named had been attending the regular monthly meeting of the Board, and the latter, as will be seen by an item elsewhere, was adding another good slice to his already large area of real estate in and about Johnstown.

—We are glad to note that Mr. A. J Greer, late of the Altoona *Tribune*, has transferred his allegiance to the *Daily Sun*, of the same city, which will henceforth shine the brighter for the brilliant constellation, editorial and reportorial, which it has just acquired. There is no seat journalistic in the front or the rear which can't be filled to perfection by our friend Adam Greer.

—"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" When King Richard spoke these words on Bosworth field he undoubtedly meant a horse which had been using ROBERTS' CELEBRATED HORSE POWDERS, as no other animal would have conveyed him to a safe place in the quickest possible time. Price 25 cents—sold by V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg, and lots of other people.

—You needn't take our word for it, but it is a fact none the less that Freidhoff has made such a sweeping reduction in prices that anything he has to sell can now be bought cheaper for cash than at any time during the winter. Go to his store as quick as you can and see if big bargains don't await every man, woman and child who goes there to buy on the cash-paying plan.

—A regular meeting of the Poor Board was held at the Poor House Tuesday afternoon, with all the members present. The question of heating the House by steam was discussed, but held over till another meeting for final decision. A proposition was read from an Eastern firm to furnish the necessary boiler, pipe, etc., at a cost of about $3,000. The rest of the business transacted was of a routine nature.

—If you want to dye without "breathing your last" you should go to Huntley's big hardware store and invest 25 cents in six packages of Paas' Easter Egg Dyes, with which you can dye silk, feathers, wool, ribbons, stockings, eggs, or anything else you have a mind to. Each package furnishes a different color, and all the dyes are warranted to contain nothing injurious to either the system or the substance.

—By a card in the Pittsburgh *Commercial* of Tuesday, we see that Mr. David M. Jones, brother of Mr. Wm. M. Jones, of this place, has been admitted a partner in the notion house of Collins, Heyl & Co., 141 Wood street, Pittsburgh. Mr. Jones was born and bred in Cambria township, and we are glad to note this indication of his steady progress along the road of prosperity. No one we know of deserves better luck.

—Rev Father Sheedy, one of the most eloquent and most esteemed priests in the diocese, has just been transferred from Altoona to the parishes of Clinton and Cannelton, in Beaver county. Father Sheedy endeared himself in many ways to the people of Altoona, Protestants as well as Catholics, during his somewhat extended sojourn in that city as assistant pastor of St. John's church, and his departure is therefore a source of sincere regret to everybody.

—The Supreme Court in session at Philadelphia rendered a decision on Monday last affirming the opinion of Judge Dean delivered after the preliminary hearing in this place a few weeks ago in the case of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company against the Somerset and Cambria Rail Road, and by virtue of the decree thus issued from the higher Court the injunction is permanently dissolved and the Company first named left in possession of the "hot end of the poker," so to speak.

—A gentleman who has tested the invaluable qualities of ROBERTS' HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS upon his own stock, deems it his duty, in justice to his fellow citizens, to recommend the same to all owners of stock, not only in cases where stock is sick, but they will find it very beneficial to new milch cows, as well as to the general appearance of the horses and other stock. It costs only 25 cents and is guaranteed to effect a cure if used in time. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg, sell this invaluable remedy.

—We learn from T. R. Scanlan, Esq., of Carrolltown, that Mr. John Nagle, of Elder township, who retired to bed apparently in good health on Friday night last was found dead by his wife's side when she awoke on the following morning. Mr. Nagle was a farmer, aged about seventy-five years, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was an elder brother of Mr. M. J. Nagle, late Democratic candidate for Sheriff. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Boniface on Monday last. May his soul rest in peace.

—We hasten to withdraw the credit given to Wilmore in our last issue for that big sleighing party which came hither on Tuesday of last week, and hand it over to the village of Summerhill, in Croyle township, where it properly belongs. The party was gotten up by Mr. John Brown, of the latter place, and it is no more than right that we should "dit up Brown" by making a note of the fact. Summerhill and winter hil-arity seem so antipodean in their natures that we may be excused for having got things a little mixed. We Wilmore careful be in the future.

—Our young friend Mr. George D. Weber has severed his connection with the Foster House as clerk, and to-day (Thursday) assumes the position of business manager in the extensive mercantile establishment of N. J. Friedhoff, on High street. We predict he will give the same satisfaction there as in the former position, as well as win many new customers. We are unadvised as to the intentions of Mr. Edmund Miller, the retiring manager, respecting the future, but as he is a gentleman in every sense of the term, we trust his lines may be cast in pleasant places.

—It will no doubt interest the ladies to learn that Mrs. R. E. Jones is so anxious to close out her stock of embroideries, laces, and many other articles in that line, preliminary to the purchase of a new stock of goods for her grand Spring opening, that she is selling everything at actual cost. It should likewise occur to all persons indebted to Mrs. Jones that now is the acceptable time for settlement, and she certainly hopes that they will not be too long about it.

—We are informed, and are glad to hear, that Mr. Richard J. Hughes has it in contemplation to sink a shaft this summer on the farm of his father, Mr. John Hughes, in Cambria township, a short mile north of Ebensburg, for the purpose of developing the coal resources of the territory. The mineral is undoubtedly *there*, but whether in quantities sufficient to pay for mining is the question to be solved. "Dick" Hughes, as he is familiarly called, is engaged in coal enterprises at South Fork, this county, and at Houtzdale, Clearfield county, and knows all about the business.

—A freight train drawn by a modoc engine, No. 52, ran into the rear end of another freight train in the vicinity of Allegrippus, below Gallitzin, at an early hour on Tuesday morning last, and such a wreck of matter and crash of cars has seldom been witnessed in that latitude. The engine was completely demoralized, five or six of the cars knocked into smithereens, and the engineer and fireman, Mr. Thomas Carland, of Altoona, and Mr. Hicks, of Tyrone, had as much as they could do to save their lives by leaping from the engine. As it was, they fortunately escaped without any serious injuries.

—A meeting of the Presbyterian congregation of this place to take into consideration the advisability of building a new church edifice was held last Thursday evening, when the sum of $2,200 was subscribed by three parties. Committees to solicit contributions were appointed, and no doubt exists of the ability of the congregation to realize the sum of money they will require, which is said to be about $5,000. The new structure, if put up, will most likely occupy a more central location than the present site. Another meeting of the congregation to canvass the subject will be held this (Thursday) evening.

—A freight brakeman named Joseph Biller, a subscriber to the FREEMAN was killed near Allegrippus station, between Gallitzin and Altoona, on Monday, last while attempting to brake the car with the aid of a stick, when the stick broke and he fell off the platform, his head striking the journal-box of one of the car-trucks. His skull was crushed in, and death ensued almost instantly. The deceased resided in Gallitzin, where his remains were interred on Tuesday. He has relatives living in Carroll township, and was a cousin of the wife of our townsman Mr. V. S. Lutringer. Deceased leaves a wife and four children.

—Belmont, Ebensburg's well-known summer hotel, has been sold by F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., to Mr. C. H. Kemp for the sum of $10,000. In addition to the hotel and outbuildings, a contiguous stretch of land comprising about sixty acres is included in the purchase. It is the intention of Mr. Kemp, who successfully managed the Belmont last season, and is now superintending the Bolton House in Harrisburg, to add a third story to the structure this spring, and otherwise to increase its attractions and accommodations for guests. Mr. Shoemaker has become a resident of New York city, but we believe it is his purpose to pass the coming summer season in our midst.

—The Goss boys, who live near Gettysburg, Indiana county, says the Cherrytree *Record*, have just finished one spar raft for Mr. Aaron Patchin, containing twenty spars, which was made on Williams' land on head of Dutch Run, and hauled a distance of from seven to eight miles and landed above Puckerty, on Kinport's rafting ground. These sticks average over 50 inches 12 feet from the butt, and in length are 80 to 92 feet, the largest stick being 41 inches 12 feet from the butt, 86 feet in length, and 36 inches at the top. All these sticks were hauled with four and six horses except the largest stick, which was drawn by three span and one horse, or in other words with seven horses.

—Rev. Terence S. Reynolds, many years ago pastor of the Catholic church at Loretto, this county, and as such well known to nearly all our older readers, died quite suddenly of what is supposed to have been heart disease at Sweeny's hotel, New York city, on Thursday of last week, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Father Reynolds was born in Mohil, County Leitrim, Ireland, and passed the greater part of his life in Pittsburg, where he was long and intimately associated with the late and much revered Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor. The deceased priest had lately returned from Europe, where he had spent several years on account of ill health. May his soul rest in peace.

—Postmaster James has manifested a great deal of good taste and invested no small amount of money in fixing up his new drug store and providing a new and much more extensive array of post-office boxes for the accommodation of the public. He has everything now in the best and neatest shape, and as he has secured the services of Mr. James Calhoun, of Indiana, a young man well posted in the drug business, and as that efficient and obliging gentleman, Mr. W. H. Davis, still wrestles with the mail-bags, people who want either letters or licorice, papers or purgatives, will be waited upon promptly, politely and pleasantly at James' new and elegant drug store and post-office.

—Last Sunday a man whose place of residence is north of this place remained over night at the Callan House, Cresson. Next morning, when he left, he carried away with him a brass beer spigot belonging to the hotel. Going first to Summit, he sold it to Mr. George Schwaderer, proprietor of the brewery at that place. By the execution of a nice bit of strategy he stole the instrument back again, and, coming to Ebensburg, sold it the second time to the Foster House saloon. At about this juncture the clerk of the Callan House made his appearance on the scene and reclaimed the property, but, owing to the eloquence of the entreaties of the thief, refrained from instituting an action for larceny.

—A youth of probably fifteen summers went to Kansas from this place, with his parents, two years ago. A short time since his grandmother, who lives in Cambria township, sent for him to come and live with her, remitting the sum necessary to pay his fare —$45 or thereabout. He came; but his stay in these parts was remarkably brief. After a sojourn of not more than two weeks, he last Saturday evening turned his face in a westward direction, forgetting in his haste to get away to say good-by! His first place of destination was Johnstown. Before leaving, he ventured to frame some sort of excuse for his action. "They make me read a chapter of the Bible out aloud each evening," he said to a companion, "and I can't stand it!"

—Mr. F. H. Barker, of this place, has received thirteen head of Cotswald sheep from New York and Ohio within the last few days, several of which were imported direct from Canada, while all the others are from imported stock. The average weight of these valuable animals is from 150 to 215 pounds, and as Mr. Barker purchased them for the sole purpose of introducing a better grade of sheep into Cambria county, and as he has invested a good deal of money in the venture, it is to be hoped that those interested will see that his commendable enterprise meets with its proper reward. Farmers and others wishing to take a look at these valuable and costly sheep should call upon Mr. Barker, who will take pleasure in showing them and explaining their fine points.

—Mr. Lantlin Gutwalt, the venerable father of Councilman Joseph Gutwalt, of this place, and of Constable George Gutwalt, of Gallitzin, died at the residence of the first named son, in the West ward, at 1 o'clock on last Saturday afternoon, aged about 88 years. The deceased was one of the oldest, as he was certainly one of the most unassuming, citizens of Cambria county, and having been fervent and devout in the performance of the duties devolving upon him as a member of the Catholic Church, there is good reason to hope that he has met with a favorable judgment. After a Requiem Mass at the Church of the Holy Name and a brief but pathetic funeral sermon by Rev. Father Reardon, the remains of deceased were taken to Carrolltown for interment Monday forenoon.

—On Wednesday of last week, as we learn from the Johnstown *Tribune*, a young man named Weaver, aged about eighteen years, was instantly killed at the old reservoir in Croyle township, about two miles from South Fork. He was engaged in undermining a clay bank and wheeling the material to the filling which is being placed in the dam to arrest leakage. There was a large rock above him, which was partially supported, and just as he was in the act of walking out from the dangerous place it became detached, and fell upon his head and back, causing immediate death, as the vertebræ at the neck, as well as the spinal column, suffered fracture. Deceased was the son of a farmer residing near the Buckhorn tavern, some four miles from the scene of accident.

—That clever "knight of the cleaver" and firm friend of the FREEMAN, Mr. Thos. Kinney, of Wilmore, did the handsome thing in a handsome manner on Saturday last by forwarding to ye editor per Express, prepaid, a common-sized starch box containing some twelve or fifteen pounds of as fine beef, roast and steak as ever tickled the palate of an epicure. The occasion which prompted this generous act was the slaughtering by our kind friend Kinney of a three-veer-old steer, purchased from Mr. William Emigh, of Summerhill township, which weighed 2,175 lbs. and netted 1,116 lbs. of clean meat. It was certainly a monster beef, as all will admit who know anything about cattle, but it was no larger in proportion than is the generous heart of the genial gentleman who so bountifully beef-riended the printer.

—These are dry times in Cambria county! License to sell intoxicating liquors at Court, and for the term of one year only. Last year they were passed on by the Court the first day of the month, and consequently expired by limitation on Monday night last, at 12 o'clock. Court will not meet till Monday next, and up to that date no saloon can be legally authorized to sell, excepting one in Loretto and one in St. Augustine. Remonstrances were presented against the granting of license to these two saloons and their cases held over for advisement several days, and hence the apparent discrimination in their favor. According to rule, a special session of Court is held Monday evening of the first week to grant or refuse license, on which occasion, or whenever the matter comes up, no less than 117 applications for tavern license, 2 for quart lincense and 18 for eating-house license will be presented.

—The owner of the pocket-book found by Mr. Jacob Berkey, of Hollsopple, and subsequently restored to its lawful possessor, mention whereof was made in our last issue, called on Monday to assure us that Mr. Borkey expressed himself at the time as being entirely satisfied with the amount paid him for returning the pocket-book and its contents, and that he has nobody to blame but himself for not making a nicer thing out of it. The gentleman in question also avers that it cost nothing for Mr. Borkey to find and return the property, and that while he deserves credit for his honesty, when he felt that it would have been impugning his motives had he offered him a larger sum than he did. Had he known, however, as he expresses it, that the finder of the money was going to "make a poor mouth" about a matter with which he seemed perfectly satisfied at the time, he would have insisted on knowing his price, and if it were within reason would have paid the demand.

—A quantity of stones are being delivered at the site of the new Court House, to finish up the foundation walls of that structure. These stones are procured at the celebrated "deserted village" of Beulah—a town which contained in its palmy days a population when Ebensburg occupied no place on the map, but which died a natural death more than a half century ago, leaving nothing behind to tell the tale of its one-time greatness save a pile of unsightly ruins. It seems strange to associate such an idea as crime and criminals with that silent village, but that it is not without an instance to the contrary is a fact which was testified to by the late Edmund Waters, Esq., on divers occasions during his lifetime. The ruins of this lock-up furnish the stones being hauled, and after having been debased by association with whatever is bad in society, their strange destiny at length advances them to an important position in a temple to be devoted to the administration of the science of Justice.

—Mr. Harry M'Cormick, third son of our old-time friend, Capt. R. H. M'Cormick, of Cherrytree, came home a few days ago from Denver, Col., where he has been living for the past three or four years, and where, we are glad to learn, he only left a good permanent and lucrative position in the employ of a telegraph and telephone company, but has a paying interest in two prosperous mines and is half owner of a couple of valuable teams. Our young friend intends to return to his far western home early next week, but before making preparations to make Miss Ida Mullin, of Clearfield county, happy for life in the good old way. That Harry is the right kind of a man for such an emergency is simply unquestionable; that he will prove a kind, loving and devoted husband no one can doubt, and that he and his fair young bride may enjoy all of life's felicities for many years to come is the sincere hope of the FREEMAN, as we are sure it is of the host of friends and well-wishers of the happy young couple everywhere.

—Joseph Krumenacher is the name of a man in the employ of Dysart & Co. at the Ben's Creek coal mines, on the line of the P. R. R., this county. Dynamite is used for mining purposes, and while handling a cartridge charged with that dangerous substance, last Saturday, it exploded. The result was, and indeed our information, which is doubtless pretty nearly correct, is that one of Krumenacher's hands was blown off and the other arm badly mutilated, while the sight of one of his eyes was totally destroyed. The other eye is swelled shut, and it is not known whether the sight is ruined or not. Despite these injuries, the sufferer was not fatally injured, but is in a fair way to recover. The explosion is said to have been caused by Krumenacher's inexperience in bringing a hammer in contact with the cartridge, and its force shattered the wooden handle of the hammer into fragments. He is a brother of Henry Krumenacher, of the neighborhood of Nicktown, and an uncle of Mrs. Jacob Borkey, of this place.

—Last Sunday a man whose place of residence is north of this place remained over night at the Callan House, Cresson. Next morning, when he left, he carried away with him a brass beer spigot belonging to the hotel. Going first to Summit, he sold it to Mr. George Schwaderer, proprietor of the brewery at that place. By the execution of a nice bit of strategy he stole the instrument back again, and, coming to Ebensburg, sold it the second time to the Foster House saloon. At about this juncture the clerk of the Callan House made his appearance on the scene and reclaimed the property, but, owing to the eloquence of the entreaties of the thief, refrained from instituting an action for larceny.

—A youth of probably fifteen summers went to Kansas from this place, with his parents, two years ago. A short time since his grandmother, who lives in Cambria township, sent for him to come and live with her, remitting the sum necessary to pay his fare —$45 or thereabout. He came; but his stay in these parts was remarkably brief. After a sojourn of not more than two weeks, he last Saturday evening turned his face in a westward direction, forgetting in his haste to get away to say good-by! His first place of destination was Johnstown. Before leaving, he ventured to frame some sort of excuse for his action. "They make me read a chapter of the Bible out aloud each evening," he said to a companion, "and I can't stand it!"

—Mr. F. H. Barker, of this place, has received thirteen head of Cotswald sheep from New York and Ohio within the last few days, several of which were imported direct from Canada, while all the others are from imported stock. The average weight of these valuable animals is from 150 to 215 pounds, and as Mr. Barker purchased them for the sole purpose of introducing a better grade of sheep into Cambria county, and as he has invested a good deal of money in the venture, it is to be hoped that those interested will see that his commendable enterprise meets with its proper reward. Farmers and others wishing to take a look at these valuable and costly sheep should call upon Mr. Barker, who will take pleasure in showing them and explaining their fine points.

HEADACHE cured for 25 cents by DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. [2-27.-1m.]

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.—A regular meeting of Council was held Monday evening last, Burgess Humphrey in the chair. Councilmen present—Messrs Barker, Evans, Hasson, Jones, and Parrish.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved. The following bills were read, and, on motion, orders granted.

Charles J. Owens, sharpening picks, etc.....	$3.20
James Myers, two arrests.....	1.00
J. L. Davis, bookcase for use of Council.....	11.50
E. W. Humphrey, 2½days work at water works	2.50
R. R. Davis, 2¾ days work at water works and hack.....	3.89
John Kirchner, hack for water works.....	50
E. J. Humphrey, hauling for water works.....	1.00
Hosea Evans, 2¾days' work at water works.	2.44
W. W. Blair, 2¾ days' work at water works	4.06

On motion of Alvin Evans, an order was granted Isaac Evans, Borough Collector, for the sum of $12.24, being the amount of property returned to the county.

On motion of J. D. Parrish, the Street Commissioner was directed to open the main pipe at the residence of W. C. Williamson.

P. H. Barker moved the adoption of the following resolution: That the report of the Committee to Council on revision of ordinance be passed and approved, and it is hereby directed that the same be published as prescribed by law. The resolution was carried unanimously.

On motion of P. H. Barker, the Committee on Ordinance was directed to ascertain at what price the ordinance can be published in the law directs; also the expense of getting 500 copies of said ordinance bound in pamphlet form—and report the same to Council as soon as the expense has been ascertained. Also, that the Committee have the ordinance copied into the ordinance book.

Adjourned. J. S. DAVIS, clerk.

THE BROKEN NECK AGAIN.—We met Dr. Edwards, in Houtzdale, on Thursday last, who gave us the following additional information in regard to Mr. Goupell and his broken neck. He says that our first article was, in every particular, correct, and that he will give his diagnosis of the case as soon as he has the time, for publication in our paper. He has taken the splinters off the neck, but still keeps it in stiff with bandages. He permits his patient to walk about the house and around the neighborhood, but when Mr. G. attempts to turn his head, which he has not done, we believe, but once, and that when the doctor was present, he went into a spasm. This was some days ago. The doctor says he will have him all right in a month's time. He says that for a whole week the patient's pulsations ranged from twenty-four to twenty-five.

We are pleased to inform our readers that we will soon be enabled to give them a detailed history, from the doctor himself, who attended this wonderful case, of its nature and treatment. It will be looked for with considerable interest by the medical fraternity, and will add to surgical science an invaluable paper, closing a link in the long chain of fractures, which has heretofore been left open; and will also solve the doubt which has taken such hold upon doctors generally, that broken necks can not be saved. —*Osceola Receille.*

ATTEMPTED MURDER NEAR LATROBE.—On the night of Sunday, February 20th, the body of Jacob Myers, assistant brewer at St. Vincent, near Latrobe, was found lying near the engine house of the Monastery Coke Works in an insensible condition. After having been conveyed to the Monastry for medical treatment, it was discovered that his breast had been crushed in by some heavy instrument, and his head and other portions of his body bruised to a considerable extent. He was attended by Dr. Donnelly of Latrobe, but remained unconscious until a few days ago, when he made a statement of the occurrence to his physician. In his statement he says, that while walking near the engine house of the Coke Works, he was accosted by a man and a woman, and after returning an answer to the man, the latter drew a revolver and fired at him, when he made an attempt to escape, whereupon the man rushed from concealment and commenced beating him with clubs and stones, during which his first assailants fired two more shots at him. Unconsciousness ensued from the blows upon the man's skull, and while he has recovered his reason for the time, it is believed by his physicians that death must result from concussion of the brain. It is said that four of the assailants have fled the country, and a fifth has been arrested, who claims that he took no part in the assault. While the statement of the injured man seems improbable, still it is the duty of the authorities of that section to probe the matter to the bottom—that if an offense has been committed to bring the guilty to justice.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

WHY SHOULD THEY?—No man or woman can do satisfactory work when the brain is dull, the nerves are unsteady, the system relaxed and they feel generally wretched. Why should lawyers, merchants, clergymen, doctors, mechanics or mothers often miserably drag through their work in this condition, when a small amount of Parker's Ginger Tonic will always, at a moderate cost, clear the brain, and give them the strength and the will to perform their duties satisfactorily. We have felt its strengthening and bracing effects and can recommend it most highly. See other column.—*Ed.* [2-21.-1m.]

THE ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC NEWS.—One of the handsomest of publications is the LAUNCHING SCIENTIFIC NEWS, published by Munn & Co., New York. Every number contains thirty-two pages, full of engravings of novelties in science and of useful arts. Ornamental wood work, pottery, vases and objects of modern and ancient art are finely shown.

The March number contains, among various other objects illustrated, a full description of the manufacture of paper hangings, with engravings; how the deceptive curve is produced in casting the ball by the baseball pitcher, his attitude, how he holds and handles the ball, all fully illustrated. The number before us also contains engravings of Capt. Eads' proposed ship railway across the Isthmus, and a novel hydraulic railway locomotive.

In addition to all this, it contains many valuable recipes for artisans and housekeepers.

This publication will be found instructive and entertaining to all classes, but will be best appreciated by the most intelligent. Published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at $1,50 a year, and sold by all news dealers.

SHREWDNESS AND ABILITY.—Hop Bitters, so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.* For sale by M. L. Oatman, authorized agent, Ebensburg, Pa.

AT a meeting of Council of Ebensburg borough, held on the evening of April 28, 1879, a committee consisting of Messrs. Alvin Evans and James G. Hasson was appointed, of course a matter of mere conjecture, but presumably he intended to enter the engine house for the purpose of warming himself, but opening the wrong door he walked into the mouth of the pit with the shocking result stated. The poor fellow was aged about 30 years, had an abundant crop of red hair, and was rather prepossessing in his personal appearance. He wore Kentucky jean pants, a hickory shirt lined with white canton flannel, new undershirt and drawers, stiff rimmed hat, woolen socks, a red handkerchief around his neck, a silver ring with gold plate bearing the letters "R. G.," and the initials "J. C." or "J. G." in pencilled on his arm, and was evidently a tramp from necessity rather than choice. A small piece of paper found in searching his pockets bore the name and address of "John Baden, Shadyside, Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa." The remains were taken from the pit and sent to the Blair county almshouse for interment.

—A very serious accident, if accident it can be called, which, so far as we know, has never heretofore found its way into print, occurred in one of the coal mines at South Fork some five or six weeks ago. The particulars as we have learned them are that a young man named Woolfert was pouring powder from one vessel into another, the latter of which he held between his knees, and while so engaged a drop of burning oil escaped from the miner's lamp attached to the front of his cap, and falling into the powder an explosion followed as a matter of course. As a result of such carelessness, it will readily be comprehended that young Woolfert was terribly burned, as indeed he was, from head to feet, his clothes taking fire and the flames scorching and searing his legs, arms, body and face in a shocking manner. Had it not been for the presence of mind of some of his fellow employes, two or three of whom suffered quite severely from the explosion, he would undoubtedly have been burned to death—a fate which was only averted by rolling him in a ditch which was fortunately near at hand and was partially filled with water. At latest accounts young Woolfert was gradually recovering from his injuries, which for a time, it was feared, would result in the loss of his eyesight, to say the least.

A $10.00 BIBLICAL PRIZE.—We have received *Rutledge's Monthly* for March and find it an entertaining little magazine. Its publishers offer the following easy way for somebody to make $10.00:

To the person telling us how many times the word "Jerusalem" is found in the New Testament Scriptures, by March 10th, 1881, we will give $10.00 in gold as a prize. The money will be forwarded to the winner March 15, 1881. Those who try for the prize must send 10 cents with their answer, for which they will receive the April number of the *Monthly*, a handsome magazine of 30 pages, in which will be published the name and address of the winner of the prize, with the correct answer thereto. In writing to the publishers please say you saw this notice in the FREEMAN. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Pa.

PRAISE FROM AN EMINENT ORGANIST.—J. H. Munsey, organist of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, says:

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO., NEW YORK:

GENTLEMEN—I must compliment you on the success you have achieved with your pianos of every class, but particularly the Uprights. They have all the essentials requisite in the make-up and finish. Such a pure, even tone, in connection with such great volume of tone, is something remarkable. Wishing you much prosperity, I am,

Yours, respectfully, J. H. MUNSEY.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHERRYTREE, March 1, 1881.

DEAR FREEMAN—The rain on Sunday and Sunday night made an ordinary rafting flood in the river here, and yesterday the lumbermen were busy rafting in their square timber, such as spars, boomsticks, etc., and had the warm weather continued a goodly number of rafts would have been got ready for the run by to-morrow evening. This morning, however, found from two to three inches of snow upon the timber, with the mercury several degrees below the freezing point, which of course put an end to rafting for a time. But as the ground hog's six weeks will be out in about two weeks more, and as March came in like a lion, as it certainly did this morning, and is to go out like a lamb, if there is any truth in the old adage, we may rely on having warm weather the latter part of this month. That, at least, is the way Mr. Thos. LOAR, who has several millions of feet of logs to float out of Crush-Crushing creek, which empties into the river at this point, seems to look at it, as he has commenced cutting the ice on McKeage's dam, one-half mile or more above the mouth of the creek. He will have to open a channel thirty or forty feet wide for a distance of three-fourths of a mile they say, which is probably 26 or 28 inches thick. The cutting is done with cross-cut saws, and the question with the boys is, who takes the end under the ice? There are three or four dams we have to be cut through on the same stream, though none of them are so long as this one.

The ice remains firm on all the dams from here to the mouth of Chest creek, but below that point the river is open.

If the Cherrytree *Record* man knows, there will be a large amount of lumber sold at good prices this spring, and we will have good times, with plenty of money in this vicinity next summer.—Hope his head is level.

The seventy-ninth original Mr. and Mrs. John Goodroy's Grand Concert Company paid us a visit last week, and after showing two nights in Kneedler's Hall, went away poorer by several dollars than when they came. Good for you, John: you ought to have better luck.

The term for which the Henderson House was licensed expires on the 1st prox., and no new application has been published yet, and as next Monday week will be the first day of the March term of Court, Indiana, it looks like prohibition again from March to 1882. How is it, Sheldon?

The poetry with the missing rhymes in last week's FREEMAN has not only been the subject of much discussion, but has been productive of a good deal of fun and amusement for the evening. Below I give the result of our work: First verse—ad, raft, craft; sawed, land, Manz; 2d—ice, rice, price; 4th—car, pear, spear; 5th—[made nothing out of it], 6th—ouse, rouse, grouse; 7th—eel, reel, creel; 8th—ink, pink, sprink; 10th—are, lace, place; 11th—can, beat, cheat; 12th—in, spin, spin. To conclude, we have agreed to agree that the person who wrote those verses must have had more spare time than we have, and being

Delightfully, wholly and entirely at ease—
Having of time and of life a permanent lease—
Devoted his spare moments the public to please,
Or, to be more explicit, his readers to tease.

J. O. C.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat and Stomach Worms. (Dr. Kunkel is the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm, head and all.) Fits, spasms, cramps, chicking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, coupled with a fever, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus. All these symptoms indicate worms. E. F. KUNKEL'S WORM S

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. READ PROOF BELOW.

FROM

Col. L. T. FOSTER.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, May 10th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly. He had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one under other, which made him very lame. I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons, who failed to cure him. Reading the advertisement of "Kendall's Spavin Cure" one day in the Chicago *Express*, I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it. They ordered three bottles, and I took them all, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. I read it according to directions, and the fourth day the colt was sound to be used, and the lumps have since disappeared. I used but one bottle, and the colt's limbs are now as free from lumps as those of any horse in the State. He is entirely cured, and the cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles, which they are now using.

Very Respectfully, L. T. FOSTER.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure

HAGERSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 13th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that had a bone spavin of long standing everything man could devise to cure it, but all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which I tried with grand results, reducing the lump clear and clean. I then sent 25 cents to you for one of your Illustrated Horse Books, and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold it copies for me to my neighborhood will try and do what good I can by getting them for others.

Yours truly, G. W. MILLER.

STATEMENT MADE UNDER OATH.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the year 1875 I treated with "Kendall's Spavin Cure" a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and removed the enlargement. I have worked the horse very hard ever since, and he never has been lame, nor could I ever see any difference in the size of the two joints since I treated him with "Kendall's Spavin Cure."

H. A. GAINES.

Ennsburgh Falls, Vt., Feb. 25th, 1879.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of February, A. D. 1879.

JOHN G. JESSE, Justice of the Peace.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

ON HUMAN FLESH.

HARKERSFIELD, Vt., Dec. 23, 1879.

B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: I wish to add my testimony in favor of your invaluable liniment, "Kendall's Spavin Cure." In the spring of 1862 I slipped on the ice and sprained my right limb at the knee joint. I was very lame and at times suffered the most excruciating pain. I wore a bandage on it for over a year, and tried most everything in my reach, but could find nothing that would give me permanent relief. When I overworked, it would pain me very much. In April, 1878, I began to think I had found a remedy for my ills by having some of "Kendall's Spavin Cure," thought I would try it. I used one-third of a bottle and experienced relief at once. The pain left me and has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to you and would recommend "Kendall's Spavin Cure" to all who suffer with sprains or rheumatism.

Yours truly, MRS. J. HOUSELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain, or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, curbs, callous, ringbone, splints, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success in our knowledge, for both man as well as beast.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Feb. 18, 1881.—9m.

Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevent CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND RICHER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and hogs, and it is praise-worthy. —Thomas Hogg, Germantown, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. The cow gave nearly twice the quantity of milk she did before, and the chickens were cured immediately after I used the powder.

Yours, truly, JONAS PASSON, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for cattle, and I have had great success on poultry for many complaints, with success in every case.—JOS. WEAVER, Bernardsville, Pa.

Last summer I sent me packages of your powder which I used in poultry, and have not had one droopy turkey or chicken since.—MRS. WM. KNAPP, Orange, N. Y.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter cured the cattle of a bad cough, and I never have found better and it cured the chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 531 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. For sale by N. J. FERNBURG, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2, '80.-1y.]

ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAVING gained an enviable local reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, is, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions; allays inflammation and irritation; protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Hemedial agents are applied by a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and pleasant to take. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

For sale by Ebensburg, Johnstown and Altoona Druggists, and by Wholesale Druggists generally. [1-14.-1om.]

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP

Is superior to all other soaps. It is combined with Sulphur and its purifying qualities, which penetrates the pores of the skin, being absorbed into the blood through the minute capillaries, and thus acts upon the skin, whether it be healthy or in a diseased condition, with beneficial results, and thereby eliminating all impurities from the blood and exciting the skin to healthy action. It produces a flattering, pearly white and transparent complexion which is unequalled, and can be produced by no other means. No toilet, nursery or bathroom is complete without it. It makes the skin soft, clear, pure, white, and healthy. As an antiseptic, deodorizing, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, chafing, itness, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve itching Piles when nothing else will. Save any other. VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP. Insist upon it, and take no imitation. Sold by druggists. Ashcraft & Miller, Proprietors, No. 301 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by M. L. GAYMAN, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-6.-1y.]

ROSE OF CASHMERE HAIR TONIC.

THIS preparation is made from the roses of the Valley of Cashmere, and is entirely free from Sulphur, Lead, and other poisonous and deleterious substances. It is richly perfumed and renders the use of pomades, hair oils, etc., unnecessary. It preserves, softens and beautifies the hair and gives it a rich lustre. It is excellent for an irritating or inflamed scalp. It will never turn rancid. Druggists sell a large bottle for 50 cts. ASCHCRAFT & MILLER, Proprietors, 3rd and Callowhill Streets, Phila. [12-17.-7m.]

Dr. Ware's Pulmonalis

Is a household word with those who have used it, because it does its work quickly and effectually in cases of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Pains in the Breast, Consumption, and Bleeding of the Lungs. Only 10 cents a bottle. Ask your druggist for it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. cor. 3rd and Callowhill Sts. Phila'a, Pa. [9-25.-6m.]

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.

OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the womb, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. MRS. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

For sale by GEO. A. KELLY & Co., General Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Dr. WM. LEMMON, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2.'80.-1y.]

Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. Ayer's Pills are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are entirely free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never fail to gain a cure in the cases in which they are indicated, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing

exquisitely perfumed and perfectly harmless.

Will Always Restore Gray or Faded Hair

to its original youthful color and appearance, and is warranted to stop its falling, assist its growth and prevent baldness.

A few applications of the BALSAM will soften the hair, cleanse all dandruff and cure itching and humours of the scalp. Sold by all druggists at *only 50 cts.* Nov. 12, 1880.-1y.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad differing from all others, it cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, acting just to all positions of the body, while the Pad in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person would with the Fingers. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. Is it cup, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

$2 Watches, Iron Steamboat, &c. Write postal Twitter Cats &c. Invaluable pocket. Sample Case & Outfit and best Pat. Novelty ever sold. Agents wanted. Valuable catalogue free. TIFFANY & CO., 122 Nassau St. New York.

Fruit Growing Among the Ancients.

We can only gather here and there among ancient classical writers allusions to horticulture. Chiefest of these we find among the Greeks, and very fascinating and beautiful they are. In the islands of the Mediterranean, where the climate it semi-tropical, seems to have been gathered the various fruits of all climes, propagated with extreme care. The garden of Alcinous, mentioned by Homer, contained 4 acres. The old man probably believed in the motto of "Four Acres Enough." He and his people firmly believed in the gospel of the goddess Ceres as an actual revelation, and they venerated her as "Revered Ceres, bearer of seasons, giver of glorious things." They looked upon the fruits of the earth as sacred things, to be treasured and caressed on account of the giver. Homer lived in the days of Solomon, and his poems were considered as sacred as those of the great temple builder. A vein of faith in the truth of the writings of the grand old father of all poetry has run through human kind ever since, and Dr. Schliemann, the great German explorer, has proved his faith by startling revelations. Following is a literal translation of his description of the fruit garden of Alcinous alluded to:

"But without the hall there is a large garden near the gates of Four Acres; but around it a hedge was extended on both sides. And there tall flourishing trees grew, pears, and pomegranates, and apple trees producing beautiful fruit, sweet figs, nourishing olives, and peaches that delighted the heart. Of these the fruit never dies, nor does it fail in winter or summer, lasting throughout the whole year; but the west wind ever blowing makes some bud forth and ripen others. Pear grows old after pear, apple after apple, grape after grape, fig after fig, and peach after peach. There a fruit vineyard was planted; one part of the ground exposed to the sun in a wide place is dried by the sun, and some grapes they are gathering, and others they are treading, and further on are unripe grapes, having thrown off the flower, and others are slightly changing color. And there are all kinds of beds of flowers laid out in order to the furthest part of the ground flourishing throughout the whole year, and in it are two fountains, etc."

The picture is as strange to us as it is delightful. Our common fruits are here spoken of as having the characteristics of the orange family, blossoming and bearing fruit the whole year. Will the orange and the lemon ever be so transformed in our Northern climate that will bear in the summer only? The apple is classed with the fig and the pomegranate, and the pear with the olive and the peach. This was long before the conquest of Persia, from which the peach is said to have originated. The habits of the grape are also peculiar and past belief. What a lively time of it the fruit-grower would have picking fruit all the year long?

Hawley, in his rendition of the Hindoo writer Yakim Door, gives us the following:

"The great flying ships of Osnoor brought us peaches and apples." Osnoor was a wealthy Japanese merchant. We infer that these abounded in Japan, and that some method was known (400 years B. C.) of preserving the fruit in transit to a tropical country—a thing that would puzzle us these latter days, with all our steam and refrigerators. We may say, without a very great stretch of the possibilites, that Solomon eat his Winesaps and Baldwins, his Bartletts and "Bonnies," his Crawfords and Old Maxims, his Delawares and Tokays for dessert, and washed it down with Golden seal and dry Catawba. No mention is made of strawberries. The uxorious old sinner missed his best bolt, if he knew nothing of strawberries and cream. If his "black but comely" mask had got him up a strawberry short cake when he came into her bower where the "pomegrantates flourished," she would not have found him amiss in his attentions, notwithstanding his other multitude of fair charmers.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat.

For years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact.

Last fall we were induced to try what virture there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about a half small tumbler full of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared.

We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat.

Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days use, no person who loves a nice, clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

HEALTH HINTS.—Flaxseed tea, which is good for cough and sore throat, is made as follows: Put two tablespoonfuls whole flaxseed in a pint of boiling water, and boil fifteen minutes. Cut up one lemon and put in a pitcher, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Strain the tea boiling hot through a wire strainer into the pitcher and stir together.

Medical men claim that a pound and a quarter of oatmeal will supply as much nitrogen and almost as much fat to the body as one pound of uncooked meat of ordinary quality. A man gets three times as much nourishment at the same cost in oatmeal as he does in meats. One pound and a half of Indian meal is equal to one pound of uncooked meat in nitrogen, and surpasses it in fat.

One who has tried it communicates the following about curing sore throats: Let each one of your readers buy at any drug store one ounce of camphorated oil, and five cents' worth of chlorate of potash. When any soreness appears in the throat, put the potash in a half tumbler full of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly; then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a strip of woolen flannel. This is a simple, cheap and sure remedy.

HOW TO UTILIZE THE CRUMBS.—Make a quantity of bread crumbs by rubbing the crumb of a stale loaf thro' a wire seive; put a pint of milk and one ounce of fresh butter in to a saucepan on the fire, with sugar to taste, and the thin rind of a lemon, cut, if possible, in one piece; when the milk boils strew bread crumbs into it until a thick porridge is obtained; turn it out into a basin. When cold remove the lemon rind, and stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs, mix well, then stir in the whites of two eggs, beat up to a stiff froth, and add a small quantity of candied citron-peel, cut very thin. Have a plain mould, buttered and bread-crumbed very carefully all over, and boil it about half an hour. Serve cold, with fruit or wine sauce.

ONE GALLON of white paint should cover forty-four square yards of surface.

$10,000

Worth of NEW GOODS of all kind will be opened this week at

Corn's Store, in Chest Springs.

Everybody should remember that we are NOW OPENING the largest and most complete stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.,

For the HOLIDAY TRADE ever offered for sale in Cambria county. Mr. CORN has just returned from New York and Philadelphia, where he has purchased an immense stock of fashionable goods at the lowest figures. Everybody, therefore, should go to

Corn's Store, Chest Springs,

WHERE THEY MAY DEPEND UPON GETTING

GREAT BARGAINS

In everything they buy. The largest stock of goods on the Allegheny Mountains, we repeat, will be

OPENED THIS WEEK

AT CORN'S STORE, CHEST SPRINGS.

BRING YOUR CASH OR PRODUCE.

SIX ROOMS FILLED WITH GOODS.

Mr. CORN himself, aided by an efficient corps of clerks, will be in attendance and always ready, willing and anxious to wait on you all, either old or young, large or small. Thankful to

Farmers, Lumbermen and Citizens Generally

for their past patronage, and hoping for a continuance of the same, we remain

Yours, Respectfully,

STRICTLY { CASH OR PRODUCE } FOR GOODS. S. B. CORN & CO.

Look! Look! See! See!

JUST RECEIVED:

A LARGE AND NOBBY LINE OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

Also, a Full Stock of

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

IN ENDLESS VARIETY. OUR LINE OF

OVERCOATS

CANNOT BE BEATEN FOR QUALITY, MAKE-UP AND PRICE.

We have also received a large and complete line of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!

Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,

Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

—AT THE—

Young America Clothing House,

Corner 11th Avenue and 11th Street,

OPPOSITE THE OPERA HOUSE,

ALTOONA, PA.,

N. B.—Do not fail to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are acknowledged to be the cheapest house in Blair county. [Sept. 24, 1880.-tf.]

New Grocery Store in Altoona.

FRESH GOODS! FULL STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!

HONEY, JELLIES, OLIVES, BRANDY FRUIT, ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING, FRUIT BUTTERS, PRESERVES, POTTED MEATS, PICKLES, TABLE SAUCES, SARDINES, PICKLED LOBSTER, SPICED BROOK TROUT, CELERY SALT, CAPERS, FRENCH MUSTARD, EXTRACTS, MANIOCA, TAPIOCA, CHOCOLATES, COCOA, ALDERNEY CONDENSED MILK,

ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, GRAPES, FIGS, DATES, PRUNELLAS, RAISINS, NUTS,

CRACKERS and CAKES!

Domestic and Imported

CIGARS and Tobacco!

CODFISH, MACKEREL, HERRING, CISCOS, HALIBUT, SALMON, HAM, &c.

A large assortment of CANNED Goods, bought before the late advance and to be sold cheap.

A fine variety of MARKET BASKETS and a full line of WOOD and WILLOW WARE.

SPRING VALLEY FLOUR, the finest brand in market. Also, BUCKWHEAT, CORN and OAT MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT, &c. TEA, COFFEE, SUGARS, SYRUPS, SPICES, &c.

CHIPPED DRIED BEEF, CORNED BEEF and HAM SAUSAGE. COUNTRY PRODUCE a specialty.

MICHAEL FITZHARRIS,

[11-26.] (OPPOSITE WHITE HALL HOTEL.) [7-7.]

Corner Twelfth Ave. and Sixteenth St., Altoona, Pa.

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA

A CURE GUARANTEED. 25 CENTS BY USING

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

Make NO MISTAKE.

THE NEW STORE OF

S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE VERY BEST

WINTER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the assurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.—tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, worksen natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'r, Burlington, Vt.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

SHEET METALS,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO

Battle Creek, Michigan,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE

VIBRATOR

THRESHERS,

Traction and Plain Engines and Horse-Powers.

Most Complete Thresher Factory | Established in the World. 1848

32 YEARS exp. without change of name, management, or location, to "back up" the brand warranty given on all our goods.

STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of same for Plain Engines. Four Traction Engines and Four Engines ever seen in the American market.

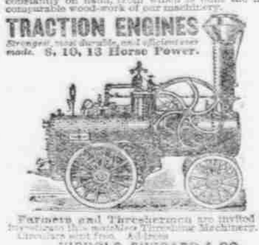
A number of valuable and improvements for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of by other makers. Four Sizes of Separators, from 8 to 12 horse capacity, for steam or horse power.

Two Sizes of Wind Stacker Horse-Powers.

7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber (from three to six years air-dried) constantly on hand, from which to build the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES

Of entirely new design, and superior workmanship made. 8, 10, 13 Horse Power.



Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this machine. Illustrated Catalogue and Price List mailed free.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Jan. 14, 1881.-6m.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the Only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is extracted from a peculiar species of small **White Shark**, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as the Carcharias Gladio. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. It virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and **many so seemingly miraculous**, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that **for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people.** Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at $1 per bottle.

only Imported by HAYLOCK & CO., *Sole Agents for America.* 7 Dey St., New York.

Its virtues are *unquestionable* and its *curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from use and observation.*

Among the many readers of the Review in one part and another of the country, it is probable that numbers are afflicted with deafness, and to such we say: "Write at once to Haylock & Co., 7 Dey Street, New York, enclosing $1, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and be cured completely and permanently. You will never regret doing so."—*Editor of New York Mercantile Review, Sept. 25, 1880.* [12-10,'80.-6m.]

Hamburg Tea!

(ASK FOR LENGENBEIN'S, THE ONLY GENUINE.)

The Great BLOOD PURIFIER

And Purgative, which was known to the famous old Arabian physicians as early as the ninth century, is adapted to the relief of Fevers, Constipation, Favorite Complaints, Want of Appetite, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids. It has a decided advantage over all other purgatives, being more thorough in cleansing out the system, without producing the agonizing, griping pains and straining which accompany the action of other cathartics. When Pimples or other skin diseases are also present, shampoo the affected parts thoroughly with Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap. Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 3d and Callowhill St., Philad'a, Pa. [11-8.-1y.]

AFTER ELECTRIC RELIEF

all other liniments have failed, TRY DR. WARE'S

By taking internally it will cure cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, cramp, colic, asthma, phthisic, influenza, sore throat, sick headache, morning sickness, heartburn, sour stomach, pain in the back and stomach. Applied externally, it will relieve you of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, lumbago, earache, toothache, inflamed breasts, mumps, gout, pleurisy, pneumonia, frost bites, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, wounds, contracted tendons, weakness, sore joints, stings and bites of insects. Sold by druggists and storekeepers generally. Wholesale depot, N. W. corner 3rd and Callowhill Sts., Philad'a, Pa. [9-24.-6m.]

CELEBRATED H. H. H. MEDICINE.

Persons afflicted with aches and pains, and who have not tried the great H. H. H. Medicine, do not know its powers in removing pain. Give it a trial for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and particularly Diphtheria. A sure cure for horses suffering with Bone or Blood Spavin, Poll Evil and Colic. Be sure and ask for the H. H. H. Medicine, manufactured by D. D. Tomlinson, Philadelphia, as the popularity of the same has led other parties to put an inferior article into the market bearing the same name Sold by druggists everywhere.

Dr. JONES' TARAXCANUM TONIC

OF DYSPEPSIA MEDICINE, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Sick Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Price, 75 cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9.'80.-1y.]

AGENTS WANTED for the Improved Automatic Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings complete, from the toe to the top, in 20 minutes. It will knit a pair of stockings per hour faster than three expert knitters can by hand. Every machine warranted for five years. Capable of knitting 1,000 stitches per minute. Address Automatic Knitting Machine Co., 7 Dey St., New York.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HEAP!

heapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS,

Ac., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Axes, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Band Rod, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scraps;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths

Carriage Oil Cloth,

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMP, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS, all shapes and sizes and of superior workmanship; BROOMS, of the most desirable qualities; BRUSHES of the most desirable qualities; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can get at short notice is not worth buying, and will be offered when may call. Having purchased my GLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Having had nearly thirty years experience in the sale of goods in my line, I am confident I can supply my friends with the very best in market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be guaranteed that the best goods the cheapest and that it never pays to buy inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck, F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck

JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS

COLLECTIONS MADE

AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES

Bought and Sold, and a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

TRANSACTED.

Accounts Solicited.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods,

CLOTHING,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES, &c.

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY

AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.

Carrolltown, March 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

ST